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# The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

*The Weekly Companion of the Best-loved Magazine in the World*

Number 227

Week Ending  
JULY 21, 1923.

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Postage Anywhere  
One Halfpenny

Every Thursday 2d.

## NEWS THAT CAME FROM THE OCEAN BED

### A PIECE OF NEWS FROM THE SEA

HOW IT HELPED TO  
SAVE THE WORLD**Sir Roger Keyes Tells a  
Wonderful Secret of the War  
OUR VERY GALLANT FISHERMEN**

One by one the secrets of the greatest conflict in human history are being told. Sir Roger Keyes has just revealed a remarkable page of the history of the submarine war.

It was one of the duties of Sir Roger Keyes, as Commander of the Dover Patrol, to protect Folkestone, and to maintain the ceaseless line of transport running to and from France. The people of Folkestone will never forget the glare of light which shone every night from that town to the coast of France, or the violent explosions in the Channel which shook every window in the town.

#### A Great Discovery

What was happening was that the Germans were winning the war with their submarines. But it was not in the decrees of fate that the Germans should win the war in the end, and in the autumn of 1917 a German submarine was blown up by her own mines in Waterford Harbour. In a few weeks the British Navy had raised the wreck from the bottom of the sea, and stored away on the submarine they found documents of the highest importance.

It was one of the darkest hours in the war, when we were losing about a hundred thousand tons of shipping every week in the Channel, and the hearts of lovers of freedom everywhere were perplexed and saddened almost to breaking-point. Had the U-boats continued sinking our ships at that rate it is humanly certain that nothing could have saved the Allies.

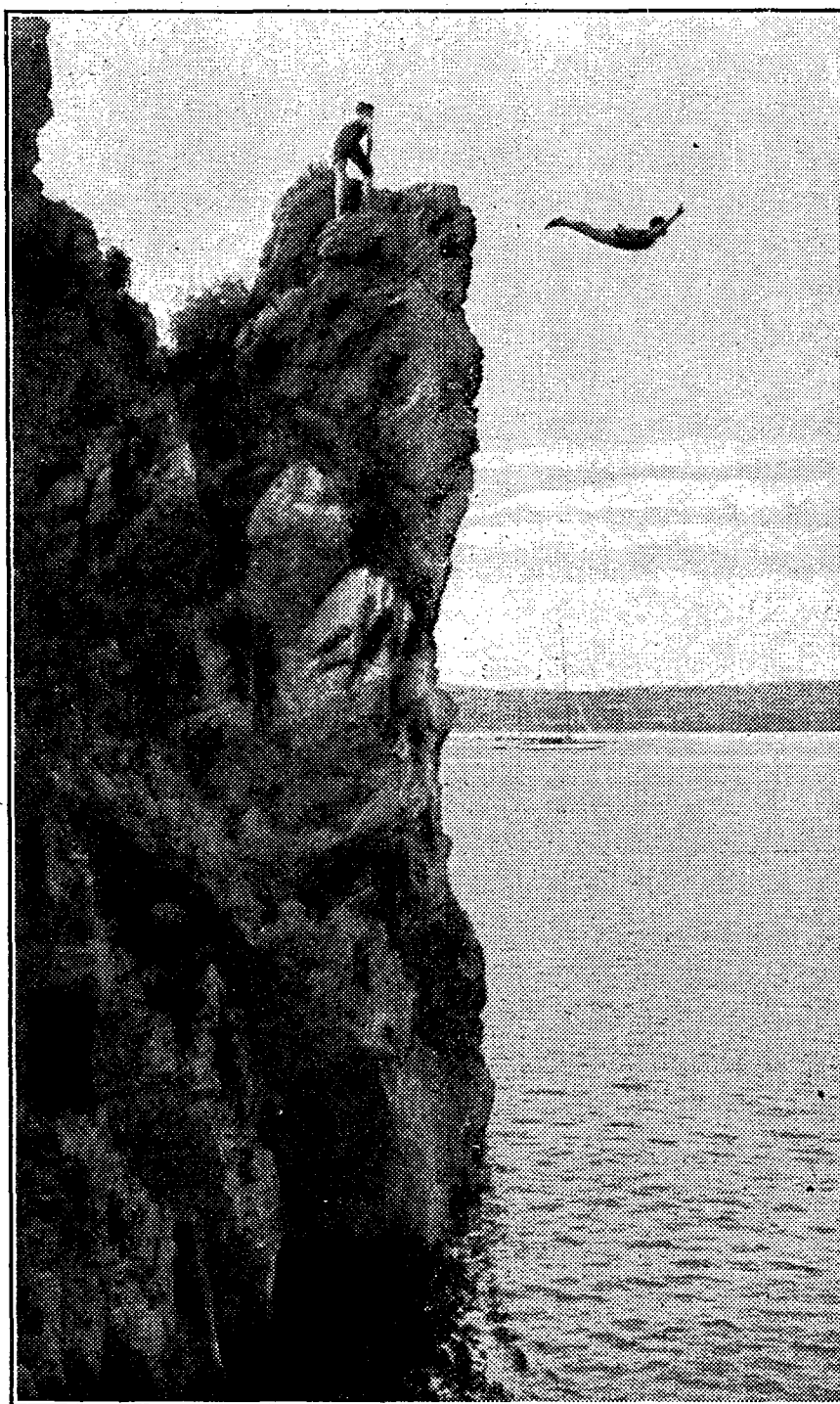
Then it was, in that dark hour for us all, that the sea gave up a piece of news which saved the Allies. From the depths of the ocean bed came a secret that helped to turn the tide of war.

#### The Secret Out

It was found from the papers on this submarine sunk in Waterford Harbour that there was a grave defect in the great barrage of mine-nets which had been laid stretching from England to France. It was this mine net which was supposed to be our salvation, and the laying of it was one of the great achievements of the British fleet.

Among these papers were instructions to the commanders of the German submarines, in which they were informed that it was possible to get under the mine net between the Goodwins and Sandgate by diving deep enough, or to get over it by waiting for high tide. They were told to do either of these things, though they were to be careful not to show themselves in the area of the net, but to go farther down the Channel before

### A Boy's High Dive



The members of the Leander Swimming Club have been practising for the high dive at next year's Olympic Games, and this photograph shows a wonderfully graceful swallow dive being made by W. Isaac, a boy of fifteen

beginning operations against our vessels. This news from the submarine was a bitter blow for the Admiralty, but measures were taken at once to put things right. Commander Brock, whose fireworks used to delight the children before the war, and who was later to pay for his heroism with his life, invented the wonderful flares, and eventually all the craft available—about 150 fishing crews—were taken out and posted on the top of the mine-field stretching from Folkestone to Cape Grisnez. It was a terrible and perilous service, but the result of it was that the German submarine commanders were very soon told that they need not go through the

Straits of Dover. If a man could walk along the ocean bed from Dover to Grisnez he would come upon U-boat after U-boat lying there.

So our very gallant fishermen closed the gap in our defence, and the loss of shipping from submarines in the Channel was brought down from about 100,000 tons a week to 5000 or 6000 tons.

In telling this wonderful story Sir Roger Keyes was thanking the people of Folkestone for presenting him with its freedom, the scroll being given to him in a casket made from wood from one of the boats of the Vindictive, which Sir Roger Keyes sank to block up the entrance to the harbour of Zeebrugge.

### MARCH OF FOUR HEROES

1500 MILES IN THE  
ANTARCTIC**War-Time Heroes Who Did  
Not Know What was Happening****LAYING SUPPLY DEPOTS  
FOR SHACKLETON**

There is a glorious story of heroism behind the King's award of Albert medals to four of Shackleton's old comrades, but tears must glisten amid the laurels of the men who are honoured. For Shackleton himself is dead, and so are two of the men now honoured, and two more with whom they suffered are for ever lost in a far-off grave.

The four men are Ernest Edward Mills Joyce, William Rayment Richards, and Victor George Hayward and Harry Ernest Wild, who are dead.

When Shackleton sailed in August, 1914, on the terrible adventure in which his ship was crushed in the ice he sent in advance the little ship Aurora so that her men should land from the Ross Sea and lay depôts of food in readiness for him as he marched overland through unknown ways from the Weddell Sea.

#### Marooned on the Ice

The Aurora is the ship which was compelled to sail leaving Sir Douglas Mawson alone in the interior with two dead comrades; and when she took Shackleton's men they had barely landed half their stores when she was carried by ice and gales to open sea, for the second time leaving an expedition marooned.

The men were stranded, but they at once began laying depôts for Shackleton as if they had full supplies of clothes and equipment for themselves. On and on they went, slowly dying that others might live. The survivors suffered horribly, but fulfilled their mission, and then turned back to regain their base.

Days and nights of unbroken blizzard, then one man sick and unable to walk, then a second, then a third, who died within sight of food and security—these were the conditions in which three men, then two, hauled the sledges and the sufferers back to safety on a fragment of a biscuit and half a cup of tea a day.

#### A Tale of Superb Endurance

They were out altogether 160 days, and covered 1561 miles, fighting death, each for the sake of his fellows.

Two of these men, snatched from death by scurvy and starvation, vanished from sight when restored, lost on ice which the wind was blowing seaward. They were never found. One of them was Hayward. Wild died fighting for his country. The other two live to wear their medals, awarded eight years after the event, and to know that Shackleton wrote of their superb endurance and staunchness: "I think no more remarkable story of human endeavour has ever been revealed than the tale of that long march."



## THE GENTLEMAN IN THE WORLD

### OUR HERITAGE TO AMERICA

#### U.S. Solicitor-General's Interesting Talk

### THE THINGS THAT ARE VAIN

The Solicitor-General of the United States, Mr. James M. Beck, who has been called "a friend of Britain in days when friends were scarce and dear," has been speaking for the English-Speaking Union, one of the most helpful organisations in the world at this moment, for it is building up with great power and zeal that friendship between Britain and America upon which the peace of the world depends.

The heritage the English race passed on to America, said Mr. Beck, was the character of the gentleman, and this it was that bound the two nations far more surely than diplomatic documents and political institutions.

#### If Shakespeare Came Back

One great fault of both countries, Mr. Beck said, was that with our mechanical civilisation we had lost that sense of values which means so much to the enduring welfare of nations and men. If Shakespeare came back to Earth and was received by Ariel, Ariel would probably say to him:

"If you want to swim we will take you down in a submarine. If you want to breast the curled clouds we will take you up in an aeroplane, flying at 240 miles an hour. If you want to cross the Atlantic you can do it between one sunrise and the next."

The first thought that would occur to Shakespeare, Mr. Beck imagined would be to write a play about these amazing marvels. He would approach a manager, who would say: "Can you write a bed-room farce?" That manager would be left cold when Shakespeare mentioned that he had already written three—Othello, Cymbeline, and Hamlet. The manager would probably reply: "Oh, no, we don't want that high-brow stuff. Something short and snappy."

#### The Poet Amazed

Shakespeare would be amazed at first by our modern discoveries, but before a few weeks were over he would make the melancholy discovery that the things which bound together the human spirit were subjected to a shameful neglect. It would not particularly impress him that Hamlet could be transmitted by wireless over a distance of 500 miles; his question would be: "Have you anything worth saying to radiate?"

The malady which afflicted civilisation was that we had actually lost our sense of values.

We were living in the age of the cinematograph brain, and no man remembered in the evening what he had read in the morning. A year ago he was discussing the war with King Albert of Belgium, one of the great heroes of all time. They talked of the great deeds in a conflict which some people now wrongly regarded as a great stupidity. Suddenly a smile came into the eyes of the king, and he said: "After all, the great heroes of their age are Charlie Chaplin and Douglas Fairbanks." Was it not a sign of decay that 100,000 people went to see Dempsey or Carpentier punch the other into insensibility?

A note of pessimism, Mr. James Beck thinks, is sometimes timely and wholesome, but we are glad to feel that he holds the faith of the C.N. that the spark of divine fire in our race has not yet been crushed out. Chaplins and Dempseys have their hour and cease to be; they belong to the stuff of the world that perishes and is forgotten. But the proper sense of the value of things will come back again, for it never really dies, and when the frivolities of this time have passed away the things that matter will remain, and mankind will be nobler and nobler yet.

## THE MEMORY OF SIR JOHN MOORE

### HERO OF CORUNNA

#### A New Statue in an Old Camp REFORMER OF THE ARMY

By Our Art Correspondent

The boys and girls of Kent should be very proud today because they have been given something which other counties might well envy, and that is the statue of General Sir John Moore, cast in bronze by Mr. John Tweed, set up for ever in the old town of Shorncliffe.



Sir John Moore

This fine piece of work is more than the model of a fine man; it stands as the emblem of something that has made England great—goodness, justice, courage—qualities which met in the heart and soul of the famous soldier. It is not so much Sir John Moore's doings in the Peninsular War that we

try to recall now, as the camp at Shorncliffe, where the great general did more mighty deeds than rounding on the French at Corunna.

#### The Night After the Battle

None of us is likely to forget the story of the night after the battle in 1809, when the soldiers buried him darkly at dead of night, the sods with their bayonets turning, for the story is set in our minds for ever by the magic of rhyme and hero worship.

But when we think of Sir John Moore we remember him as, above all things, a reformer of the army, that he swept away wrong-doing, injustice, brutality, from the regiments with which he had to deal, and that his own life was a model of the discipline he imposed.

The men who knew him best must have thought of him when at the play of Hamlet they heard Hamlet talking to his friend Horatio:

Give me that man

That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him  
In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart,  
As I do thee.

Moore effected this great work of discipline from within to such an extent that the time came when men in command, needing someone they could utterly trust, said: "Give me an officer—I care not who he is—who has served under Moore."

#### A Beautiful Memory

There were scores of men in Sir John Moore's day who worshipped the great soldier; some of them may rarely have spoken to him, but he was, nevertheless, their secret idol. Fortune took many of them to the far ends of the earth, and, as we cannot help becoming like that which we worship, the lives of these men in distant lands were marked by actions which were John Moore's to begin with, and became their own by the grace of God.

This man, who died with his work half done, is already, in this short hundred years, a legend, a beautiful memory in an army which has produced hundreds of thousands of brave men. In this new monument of him he stands, grand and kingly, overlooking the Kent flats and marshes that he loved. The world has changed bewilderingly since he walked about the Shorncliffe coast, but the hearts of men are the same; and the spirit that made his fine Old Contemptibles a byword is alive here and now in our workaday existence.

## GIRL'S ASTONISHING ADVENTURE

### Swimmer's Great Courage and Presence of Mind SURPRISE FOR A FORT

The season of bathing tragedies is with us. It began with an adventure in which tragedy was narrowly averted by cool courage on the part of a girl bather who suddenly found herself in difficulties.

Miss Laura Black, a young probationer nurse at the Milford-on-Sea Hospital, in Christchurch Bay, Hampshire, has been accustomed to bathe alone. A strong current washes this coast at certain times of the tide and sweeps up the Solent between Hurst Castle and the Isle of Wight. Miss Black, though a strong swimmer, found herself carried away helpless in this powerful current. Instead of fighting it in vain, or becoming confused and disheartened by her helplessness, she reserved her strength and allowed the current to carry her.

For two hours she drifted, floating and keeping up her strength and courage, and then, when about six miles from her bathing-place, she found she had been swept right across the Solent till she was near the Victoria Fort on the Isle of Wight, which guards the entrance to the strait opposite Hurst Castle.

Now was the time to make her delayed effort, and, striking out, she swam ashore near the fort on the island. The surprised guardians of the fort gave a sympathetic welcome to the girl in a bathing suit from the mainland, restored her circulation by wrapping her in a navy blanket, and then sent her back home to Milford in one of their boats, none the worse for her long immersion and gallant escape.

Miss Black's crossing is a fine thing to have done; but it would be a foolish thing for anyone else to try to do.

## KHAMA'S LAST VOICE

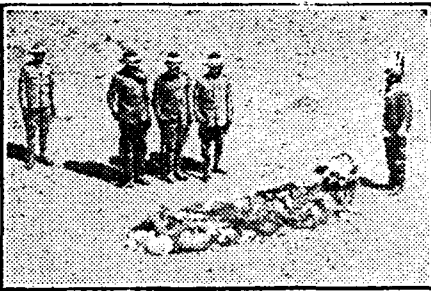
### Touching Memory of His Closing Day

#### GOOD NEWS OF HIS PEOPLE

All who have been interested in the life of Khama, the fine old African chief of the Bamangwato tribe in Bechuanaland, will be glad to know that things are going well among his people now that Khama is no more.

A letter from Khama's widow tells us something of the closing day of the chief's long life; it was the end of the oldest king in the world.

Though in the past his son Sekgoma gave cause for anxiety, he was most attentive during the last days of the old king's failing strength. He watched



Khama's grave.

outside his door throughout the last night of his life, and on succeeding him as chief he sent to the missionaries and asked for their prayers.

On the day before his death, when asked if he had a message for the tribe, the answer returned by his devoted wife Semane was, "The chief has no words to say, but to prepare to surrender his noble spirit to his Great Master."

Semane's account of the end is that she went outside Khama's room to call in Sekgoma, and then "I heard a low sweet voice calling me gently from the inside." That was Khama's last voice.

The end came fittingly in the presence of Khama's wife, son, and grandson, with the headmen of the tribe.

## GETTING ABOUT THE WORLD

### TRANSPORT PARLIAMENT 27 Nations Meet in London to Discuss a Big Question

#### BRINGING THE PEOPLES CLOSER TOGETHER

There has been meeting in London the greatest gathering for the helping on of the water transport of the world that has ever come together.

It was the International Navigation Congress, and 334 delegates from 26 countries have been discussing with British officials and experts all kinds of questions which, if an agreement can be arrived at, will enormously facilitate communication between one country and another and the interchange of goods.

The delegates spoke twenty languages, and in order that Babel might not be repeated in London it was decided

#### Britain Pays

A man knocked at the door of the American Treasury in Washington the other day, and handed to the Treasurer British bonds worth over one thousand million pounds.

It was Mr. Chilton, of the British Embassy, and this was the final act in the arrangements for paying the British war debt to America. It is the greatest single financial transaction ever known in the world.

America will cash the bonds each year until 1984, and the transaction will impose a heavy burden on every British taxpayer for the next two generations.

The debt is not Britain's, having been incurred for our Allies in the war, chiefly for France and Italy, but Britain stood as security for them, and she is paying.

that all the discussions should be in either English or French, the only two languages officially recognised.

The questions discussed covered an enormous range. Here are some of them: the utilisation of waterways for the production of power; the influence of surface and subterranean waters on the flow of rivers; the relation of rainfall to the amount of water in a river; the best methods of overcoming differences of level in waterways; the problem of providing proper port accommodation for ships of ever-increasing size; the most efficient methods of handling cargo; liquid fuel for ships; how to obtain power from the tides; questions of lights and signals; and the utilisation of wireless.

#### Questions for Experts

Here were the world's experts gathered to discuss and share their great and varied experience in matters that lie at the bottom of all material welfare, and any measure of agreement with an attempt to give effect to it will be of untold blessing to the world.

It is astonishing how opinions differ in what seem simple matters—as, for example, in the question of whether quays should be wide or narrow—and different practice in different countries leads to much confusion, loss, and delay. This congress was an attempt to bring about some measure of agreement on such important subjects.



## IS RAINMAKING POSSIBLE?

### AEROPLANES MAY MAKE IT SO

Orville Wright Tells How He Saw a Cloud Disappear

### PLAN FOR ABOLISHING LONDON'S FOG

Rainmaking experiments are now out of the province of the quack and have entered the realm of true science.

Will it ever be possible to make the clouds discharge their moisture at will? Some scientific experiments recently carried out at Dayton, in Ohio, where the Wright brothers first flew, suggest that this is quite a possibility, and that the aeroplane will make it feasible.

Dr. Wilder Bancroft, Professor of Physical Chemistry at Cornell University, and Dr. L. Francis Warren have, by dropping electrically-charged sand upon thick clouds, dispelled them in the course of a few minutes, and they believe that very soon it will be possible, not only to dispel clouds and to make them discharge their water on the earth, but also to prevent the fogs which cause so much loss in London and other big cities.

#### Tale of an Eyewitness

Mr. Orville Wright gives a graphic account of experiments of which he was an eyewitness.

While at work in my office one day (he says) my attention was attracted by the peculiarity of the sound of an aeroplane overhead. On looking out of the window I saw the plane just entering a dense white cumulus cloud. It completely disappeared from view, but ten or fifteen seconds later it emerged from the opposite side.

When it emerged I noticed it was leaving a long trail of what appeared to be smoke in its course, but on further observation I discovered the trail was dust being discharged from beneath the aeroplane. I then recognised it as one of Dr. Warren's experiments, of which I had already heard.

After the aeroplane had passed through the cloud five or six times, the cloud began to fade away, and at the end of three or four minutes had practically disappeared. The aeroplane then entered a cloud that was lying at the left of the first one. After the plane had passed through it several times, this cloud began to fade rapidly.

The plane then flew to a third cloud. Within about ten minutes from the time I first saw the plane the three clouds had entirely disappeared.

Of course this was not rainmaking, but the scientists who are carrying out the experiments hope to succeed in six months.

As Dr. Bancroft explains, drops of moisture in the clouds are kept from coalescing either by being charged electrically, and so repelling one another, or by being covered with a film of condensed air that acts like a gelatine capsule.

#### Sand Charged with Electricity

Spraying with positively-charged sand will cause negatively-charged drops to combine, and will remove the film of air round the drop to some extent. The large drops will then be too heavy to remain aloft and will fall, carrying with them many of the finer and lighter drops.

The plan followed by the scientists is to spray very fine sand, electrically charged, from above upon the cloud; and experiments show that, with eighty pounds of sand charged to 15,000 volts, a cloud covering two square miles can be dissipated in less than ten minutes. Far better results are expected when sand charged to 30,000 volts is used together with a more efficient nozzle.

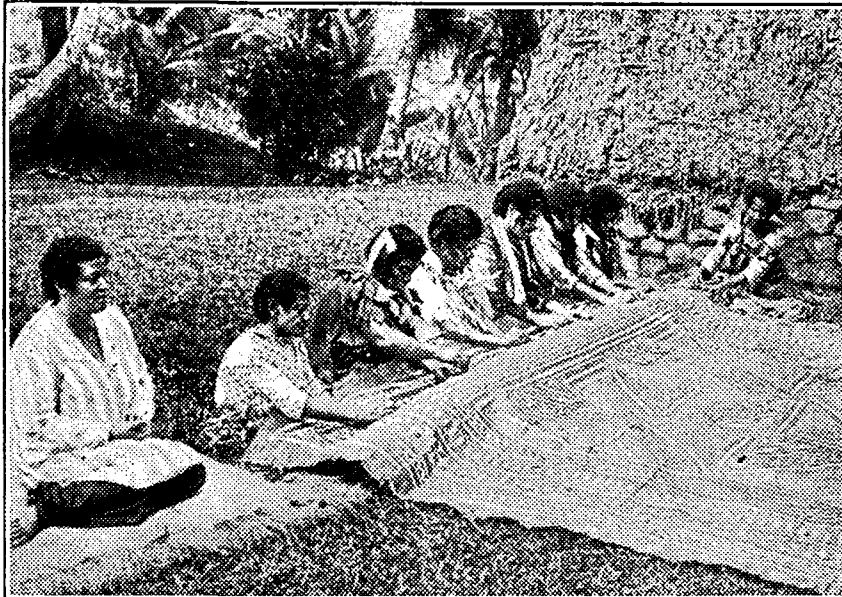
The two scientists believe that obtaining rain from heavy clouds will be a much simpler and easier affair than dispersing light clouds, and it is in the rainmaking side of the experiments that America is chiefly interested.

But much more important to Great Britain is the apparent ease and cheapness with which clouds and fog might be dispersed by the scheme.

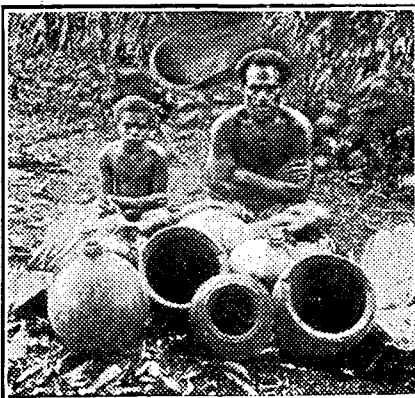
## CITIZENS OF THE EMPIRE



A dance of natives with their typical Fijian clubs



Fijian women painting the native tapestry



Native pottery merchants



Fijian musicians



Men, women, and children baking a meal in an outdoor oven

Fiji is an outpost of the Empire, and under the direction of the British the islanders have changed from a community of ferocious cannibals into an industrious Christian people, worthy in every way of taking their place as citizens in the mighty Empire of which they now form a part. These pictures show the native life of the islands

## A MYSTERY OF THE ANDES

### The Great Stone Terraces on the Mountains

#### HOW DID THE NATIVES LIFT THE MASONRY?

A wonderful variety of plant life exists in the Andes of South America, varying from the sparse scrub dotting the foothills, where the Transandine Railway winds its way through to Valparaiso, to the dense, tropical vegetation of the western slopes in the north-west of the continent; and Mr. Arthur Hill has been lecturing at the Royal Institution about it all.

What fascinated Mr. Hill was the wonderful way in which Nature has played with the leaves of many plants, varying them in almost every possible way; the creation, for no apparent reason, of so many "sports," or variations from the normal type, presented a real botanical puzzle.

He found kingcups in which the lower border of the leaf turned up and travelled up the midrib of the leaf; and ferns whose leaflets folded round like pea-pods to protect their delicate upper surface. In one place fifty different forms of the same plant were noted.

#### The Firewood Bush

We all know about the bread-fruit tree; but Mr. Hill discovered a plant that might be called the firewood bush. It is a plant allied to the English cow parsley, growing three feet high and having leaves so thick that they make very useful firewood for the natives.

Just as the Japanese cultivate every available hillside by carving out terraces, so did the natives of the Andes; but they constructed masonry terraces of hewn stones, weighing from 20 to 80 tons each, closely built together. How these stones were hewn and brought into place remains to modern man an unsolved mystery, but on these terraces today maize, wheat, and potatoes are cultivated.

The legend of the century plant, the American agave, or aloe, which was supposed to bloom only once in a hundred years, the lecturer said, was untrue. It is now known, of course, that the sturdiness of the plant, and the soil and climate, determine the period before which flowering takes place.

## DEEP HOLE AT THE ZOO

### Boring Six Hundred Feet for Water

#### TAPPING A RESERVOIR OF GAS

The London Zoo is boring for water at a great depth, and has had a surprise.

When the twelve-inch borehole had been driven as far as the chalk that underlies London, some 300 feet below the surface, there was a noisy, rushing sound from the vent, and it was found that a reservoir, or pocket, of carbon dioxide had been tapped, and was escaping through the bore.

For more than an hour the gas blew off, and then the rush became less forceful, and finally died down, so that the workmen could go on with their work.

The borehole was sunk through the London clay and the sands and gravels, and then through the upper chalk, with its flints, to the solid white chalk below, and at 280 feet water was tapped. But the borehole is to be driven down 600 feet, and already it has reached 336 feet.

As far as the solid chalk it has been lined with steel pipes, but beyond that a casing is not needed. When the well is completed the Zoo will have a constant supply of good water and be independent of all outside supplies.

Much interest is being shown in this deep well by geologists and mineralogists, and samples of all the different strata are being carefully preserved for scientific examination.



## IF A SPARROW FALL TALE OF A CAPTIVE IN A CAGE

### Mother Love in the Bird World SINGING SCHOOL FOR CANARIES

We told the other day the story of a sparrow that befriended a canary; now a story has been told of a fallen nestling sparrow put in a cage and placed at an open window. Its calls caught the ears of its parents, and down they came and fed the little prisoner.

Doubtless somebody's rose trees are benefiting as the result, for sparrows appear to be the only birds in London that are paying any attention to the green-fly this year.

#### Birds are Like Children

It is good to have news like this in the papers, for every incident of the kind helps to increase our respect and sympathy for bird life. The mistake is to represent the act as new or novel, when it is characteristic and normal.

People who understand bird life, when they wish to bring up young birds from the nest, commonly place them in cages, where the parents may have access to them. The old ones will always come and feed the fledglings, and so bring the caged pets to healthy maturity, a thing we, with all our care and contrivance, can rarely do.

Often young birds are put out in cages, not to be fed, but to be taught to sing! Birds are as imitative as children; and, though the song of the species will always predominate, the young songsters will frequently borrow notes and strains from early tutors with delightful effect.

#### The Magic Melody

All unknown to the world there are nightingale schools for canaries. Men place young canaries, caged, in sheltered bushes on warm days and nights when nightingales nest in Kentish copses. There is a natural affinity between the canary's song and the magic melody of the nightingale; but when the little golden-coated birds have had lessons in this way, the effect upon their achievements is beautiful indeed.

There is no such melodious romance as this behind these visits of the little Cockney sparrows to their growing baby in its cage; that is simply the natural beauty of parent love. And it is for a season only. As the helplessness of the baby declines before increasing strength and ability, so mother love in the bird diminishes too, and the time comes when the parent birds turn on their young and fiercely drive them forth to gain their livelihood unaided. It is necessary that they should, or an area would become overstocked with birds, and starvation overtake all.

#### Parents and Their Offspring

This instinct is manifested in thousands of species of birds. We have to reckon with it among our cage birds.

Canaries are devoted parents for two or three weeks, in which time the nestlings become fledged and fairly able. But before they are quite competent the parents wish to make a nest for a fresh batch of eggs.

Then, though she will still feed them, the anxious, instinct-driven mother will strip the babies of their feathers as a lining for the fresh cradle. That is why there is always a compartment wired off in the breeding cage.

So, if instinct has its beauties and wonders of devotion, it has also its grim terrors. The difficulty would not arise in the wilds, for there the little ones are fed and escape, and there is abundance of nesting material; but caged instinct may become a destructive frenzy.

## WAYS OF A RAT WHAT TWO MEN FOUND IN A FOREST

### Big Stores of Food in a Little Creature's Den

#### UNDERGROUND SOCIETY

By Our South Kensington Correspondent

The banner-tailed kangaroo rat is encountered over a very large area in the south-west of the United States.

This curious and pretty little rodent lives in the open country in a maze of burrows of two or three, and even four, storeys.

Each den stands out as a slight mound under a bush or tree, and has many true and false entrances.

The little animal is a fraction less than thirteen inches long, its white-tipped tail accounting for more than half its length. In colour it is brownish on its back, and white below. Its powerful hind-legs enable it to stand more or less upright, and they are used for jumping, which is its normal method of movement.

#### Curious Oil Supply

The small fore-legs are put to many uses: sometimes for creeping in search of food, always for excavating or blocking up its burrows, and for pushing food for storage into its cheek pouches. In each cheek there is one of these remarkable pouches, or pockets, whose sole purpose is to serve as the rat's marketing bag.

Another peculiarity is a prominent oil gland in the middle of the back. This was found to be for dressing the fur and preserving the skin amid the dusty surroundings in which the animal lives.

They are not very sociable animals, and sometimes fight fiercely, leaping at each other and striking with their powerful hind-feet. Seldom do they bite, but occasionally spar with their fore-legs.

For the past four or five years, in the Coronado National Forest, in Southern Arizona, two investigators have been studying the kangaroo rats to ascertain the amount of damage they do to crops.

As the animals come out by night it was difficult to watch them, except on moonlight nights; so the investigators decided to dig into several dens.

#### Social Life Below Ground

The food stores were found in specially excavated cavities off certain burrows, and consisted mainly of ripe grass seed-heads. Generally these were sorted according to the species of plant and indicated that the kangaroo rats collect from one species at a time. The quantities of food in the stores were sometimes surprising. As much as nine and twelve pounds were dug out of some dens. This is all the more remarkable as the investigators are convinced that, except when there are young to be cared for, each rat lives in its own den.

There are several natural enemies of these rats, among them badgers, bobcats, and coyotes, and the kit fox, or swift. Living in the dens, and tolerated by the rats, were scorpions, wingless grasshoppers, and a species of wingless female cockroach.

The investigators conclude with a word of warning against wholesale extermination of these interesting rodents, for while they do a certain amount of damage to pasture crops, they also eat some noxious plants, and the excavating of their burrows aerates and ploughs up the virgin soil.

#### Pronunciations in This Paper

Agave . . . . .	Ah-ga-ve
Antares . . . . .	An-ta-reez
Ariel . . . . .	A-re-el
Cornell . . . . .	Kor-nel
Corunna . . . . .	Ko-run-ah
Marina . . . . .	Mah-re-nah
Semiramis . . . . .	Se-mir-ah-mis

## WHAT AN OLD LADY REMEMBERS

### MEMORIES AT 99

#### Mother of Famous Children Looks Back on the World

#### COLD BATHS AT 7 A.M.

The C.N. not long ago had an interesting letter from a friend one hundred years old. Now a grown-up Scottish newspaper, the Dundee Advertiser, has had a wonderful contribution from a lady rapidly nearing a hundred years.



Mrs. Haldane

She is Mrs. Haldane, the mother of Lord Haldane, and she has written some of the things she remembers of the interesting world she was young in. It is a great pleasure to give some of the memories of this wonderful old lady who has blessed the world, not only with the charm of her own personality, but with a wonderful family. Here are some interesting passages from her story.

Children were in those days threatened with "Boney" (Bonaparte) in the nursery if they misbehaved.

We children were taken from our cribs about 7 a.m. and plunged overhead by two nurses in a bath of cold water. Lessons were carried on vigorously with a governess, and I learned to read at three years of age.

The multiplication table and French verbs were repeated while holding a backboard, and with our feet in the stocks.

I have known a cousin return from school black and blue from bruises inflicted by the cane, while a companion lived for three days up a chimney.

We can hardly be grateful enough to Charles Dickens and Charlotte Brontë for exposing these evils. But what touched our hearts most as children was to hear of the boys who were sent up chimneys to sweep them, and who often stuck fast with disastrous results, and of those who were laid hold of and made to serve aboard ship.

#### Tents on the Thames

In those days children were always given a mug of ale at dinner-time.

We drove with our mother to see the first balloon ascend, and were greatly excited over the event.

Like all gentlemen, my father wore stays in hunting. My mother wore a large white or blue satin hat in the evening, with long birds of paradise feathers hanging from it.

It was the custom in those times for young people never to enter a room where there were strangers or visitors without dropping a curtsey.

The winter of 1838 was exceptionally severe, and the River Thames was frozen over and tents erected on it.

In 1839 I was seriously ill, and the country doctor was sent for. He was dressed in a bright green frock coat with brass buttons, and wore corduroy riding breeches and boots.

#### Travelling by Sedan Chair

His medical treatment was limited to bleeding, and when he came in he said to me: "Would ye like to be bluided?" which operation he performed.

In those days ladies still went out in the evening in sedan chairs.

In the north of Northumberland, as there were frequently no roads, but merely cart tracks, it was customary for the farmer and his wife to ride together on horseback in pillion fashion, she holding tightly by her arms round her husband's waist. In this manner they went to church.

My mother as a child visited Newgate with Elizabeth Fry, a friend of her mother's, saw the prisoners lying in chains on the straw, and never forgot the sight.

## WALTER PAGE

### A NEW NAME IN THE ABBEY

#### Notable Gathering of English- Speaking People

#### A MAN WHO COULD NOT BE FORGOTTEN

There was a distinguished gathering of famous people from both countries at the unveiling of the memorial to Walter Hines Page.

The Chapter House of Westminster Abbey, where the tablet was unveiled by Lord Grey of Falloden, was filled with eminent citizens of Britain and America, and a service followed in the Abbey, the National Anthems of both countries echoing within the walls.

We give below a passage from the speech of Lord Grey, who was an old friend of Mr. Page, and who, as Foreign Secretary when the war broke out, found him truly, as the inscription in the Abbey says, a "friend of Britain in her sorest need."

Walter Hines Page was an example of the truth that the strongest personalities are the outcome not so much of striving for personal success or fame, as of patriotism and of faith in an ideal.

His patriotism was of the noblest kind; he loved his country both for what it was and for what he believed it could and would do for the benefit of mankind. His perception of the power of the United States, his belief in its democracy, his absolute and never-faltering trust in the will of its people to do great things and good things for the world, were part of his very being.

#### A Proud and Happy Thought

Surely it must be a proud as well as a happy thought for his country to remember that it inspired a faith so high, in a mind so keen and pure.

In all conversations with him I felt, what I am sure many others here, who knew him, also felt, that there was between him and us a peculiarly close tie of personal sympathy. We felt attached to him by a sense of the same values in public life, by a desire for the same sort of world in which to live, by a kinship of thought, of standards, and of ideals.

Therefore, while his resting-place is in his own country, which he loved so devotedly, we have wished to have a memorial here to do honour to him and to preserve for those who come after us a record and memory of his life.

It is most fitting that the place for this should be Westminster Abbey, where so much that is great, and honourable, and dear, in our history is consecrated; this Abbey, which not so very long ago, as time is reckoned in the life of nations, was as much part of the inheritance of his ancestors as of our own.

## GREAT BOY DAY

### Young Athletes of Canada 1000 BOYS TAKE PART

One of the greatest days in the history of Canadian boyhood has come and gone. The All-Canada Track and Field Meet is over.

Under the direction of the Boy Parliaments, all Canadian Tuxis and Trail Ranger boys participated in an outdoor athletic meeting. All boys were separated into four classes, and all participated in five events—the sprint, the high jump, the running broad jump, the standing broad jump, and the baseball throw.

The groups making the highest score in each province are to compete for the Dominion Championship, the scores being made up from the percentage of the standard distance or time made by each competitor.

Over a thousand boys participated in the meet at Winnipeg, and each boy had three attempts at the jump and throw, and one at the sprint. The 13,000 individual efforts occupied less than three hours, a great credit to the organising ability of the Boy Ministry of Athletics.



In the business year just completed 3967 ships went through the Panama Canal, paying £3,501,600 in tolls. This has beaten the best of previous years by more than 50 per cent.



## CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

JULY 21 1923

## The Fear that Passes Understanding

A GREAT fear that passes understanding has come over the nations of Europe.

Before the war we were all afraid of Germany; now that Germany is beaten we are still afraid. Not even the Great War could destroy the fear that has seized the hearts of men.

If we look round we see that it is fear which keeps the world wretched, fear which is paralysing Europe into helplessness. The war has left some nations distrustful, uneasy, and suspicious, with their nerves shaken, and year after year the terror fills their hearts. It is pitiful, and dangerous too, for fear is the worst of all preparations for meeting trouble.

Let us look at the way in which fear is paralysing the world. We will take Russia, Germany, and France.

The war shook the nerves of the Russians terribly, worse than any other nation. They gave way first. The nation ran away from war in a panic. Yet at the present moment, though no one thinks of interfering with the Russians, they have the largest army in Europe. They cannot persuade themselves that the world is friendly if they will allow it to be so. Their big army, which they cannot afford, is the only thing that can bring them into the dangers they fear.

While that army remains, the smaller nations round keep up larger armies than they can afford because they have a deep-seated fear of Russia.

The Germans are a brave race; but they have not had courage enough to face honestly the consequences of their own crimes. They fear that the world will treat them more harshly than justice demands, and so they wriggle evasively until they destroy the confidence the world would have in them if they would begin plain and honest dealing.

And, most of all, the French are continually in a state of fear for the future of their country. They have good cause, but in her fear our good friend France adopts the very course and spirit that must bring dangers around her in the future. She keeps up an army second only to Russia's, and contracts warlike alliances dangerous to her and the nations she regards as future allies.

So fear reigns in the heart of nations, breeding war, and in their panic they cannot see the truth. Fear creates suspicion, and behind it lurks the terror that may flash out into danger.

There is only one remedy for it all—a return of the confidence of men in men, the belief that justice with kindness is stronger and safer than all the plans of soldiers and the wiles of politicians.



## THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London  
above the hidden waters of the ancient River  
Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



## A Chance for Our Rulers

SOMEBODY has lost sixpence in the Strand. Why not have the Strand up?

## Muffins and Sankeys

THE muffin man has been fined a shilling for ringing his bell; he was "using a noisy instrument, to wit, a bell, for the purpose of selling muffins," the policeman said.

But the organ man at Victoria played one Sankey hymn nineteen times last night, and somebody gave him a shilling!

A very, very curious world it is.

## An Old-fashioned Idea

MANY of us are paying our income-tax, and it seems a fitting time to remember that

France owes us £584 millions,  
Italy owes us £503 millions,  
and two smaller States owe us together over fifty millions. Not one penny has yet been paid in interest on any of these debts.

It will be an excellent thing when the world returns to the old-fashioned idea that debts should be paid.

## Wisdom from the East

WE came across these words the other day. They are said to have been spoken by a Japanese ambassador:

For 2000 years we kept peace with the rest of the world, and were known to it but by the marvels of our delicate art and the finely-wrought productions of our ingenious handicrafts; and we were accounted barbarians!

But from the day on which we made war on other nations, and killed thousands of our adversaries, you at once admit our claim to rank among civilised nations.

Not for the first time wisdom is come from the East. We commend it to the rulers of the West.

## Cruelty to a Sparrow

A MAN we read of is proud of having tested the laying power of a sparrow. Each day he stole an egg from its nest, but the bird went on, laying seventeen eggs in nineteen days. Then the poor thing gave up its long contest, and built another nest elsewhere.

Now let us turn to the story of the sparrows on another page, and ask ourselves why cruelty should be.

We admire that eager little dingy bird, obeying its natural instinct, a thousand times more than the man who, obeying his unnatural instinct of cruelty, thwarted its purpose. He may have satisfied his idle curiosity, but, as for us, it makes our hearts ache.

## Helping the Race

Every noble life leaves the fibre of it interwoven for ever in the work of the world; by so much, evermore, the strength of the human race has gained.

JOHN RUSKIN

## The Little Ones

A LETTER from South Australia tells us that a shark has been caught near Port Adelaide with 24 baby sharks that it had swallowed.

Sad, our correspondent thinks, that mothers should thus consume their children. Sad, we think, too; but we know some towns that do it.

## Tip-Cat

How to race the bus in London: Walk.

DRINK makes a man talkative, they say. So, apparently, does Prohibition.

WOMEN were made before mirrors, somebody says. And some have been before them ever since.

THE lady who thinks this is not the day of the dumpy person should look again. She will see that most folks are in the dumps.

PETER PUCK  
WANTS  
TO KNOW  
If we should believe  
cotton workers who  
spin yarns

looking to them at all.

WE hear of a child of ten who has written a song. We have heard some songs that sounded as if they were written by a child of two.

THE richest man in America is talked of as the poor man's candidate for the Presidency.

A LADY declares that looking in a shop window makes her happy. She is pained by the high prices, but laughs at the pane.

A NORTHERNER declares there is much to be said for remaining in Manchester and Wigan. You cannot explain it in two words.

## Walter Hines Page

ONE of the very greatest Americans of our time was Walter Hines Page; and the whole English-speaking world will long remember him.

He was the one great American who understood what was happening while the rest of America was still wondering, and the letters Mr. Page wrote home to Washington in the dark days of 1914 and 1915 are among the precious possessions of our literature. They will never fade.

Now his name is on the walls of Westminster Abbey, and, though it is a great thing to say, it should be said that, if the Abbey brings honour to his name, the name of Mr. Page brings honour to the Abbey.

## The Daily Mail Cat

By One Who Knows It

HIS name is Hector; but, if there is anything in the theory of reincarnation, he has less association with the legendary champion of the Trojans than with one of the Seven Sleepers of Ephesus.

Hector is the Daily Mail cat. He came to us as most cats come, from the great unknown. He is with us but not of us; and always he is asserting his superiority over his environment.

To put it crudely, Hector is the champion sleeper of the universe. Most cats sleep when they have nothing else to do; their sleep is a concession to social limitations.

## The Happy Sleeper

Hector's sleep has neither limit nor concession: it is a grand triumph over the sordid affairs of a mundane existence. To Hector life is just one radiator after another. There are many radiators in the rooms and corridors of Carmelite House, and Hector knows them all as sand-bound travellers know the oases of the desert.

From dawn till sunset, and long into the dark hours of the night, Hector moves from radiator to radiator, undisturbed by the feverish activity all about him. Sleeping there, motionless as a mummified cat in an Egyptian tomb, Hector has a soothing effect on the nerves. He is the one thing in the office impervious to the excitement of the news. Thrones may totter and civilisations decay, calamity may follow calamity on the wheel of Destiny, the whole Book of Scandal and the whole Calendar of Crime may be thrown open; but Hector goes on sleeping.

## Hector at Peace

His sleep is like the sleep of centuries, unmoved by modern eruptions. When the common house-cat is stroked in its sleep it will purr or scratch, according to its temperament or its digestion; but though you stroke Hector with a hammer or a brick he will not yawn.

Only one thing can lure him from a radiator, and that is the basket containing rejected manuscripts in the literary editor's room. There, lying on the lost hopes of the great rejected, Hector is at peace.

## A Musician's Prayer in the Night

From the Torch-Bearers, the new poem by Alfred Noyes.

O holy night, deep night of stars,  
whose peace  
Descends upon the troubled mind like dew,  
Healing it with the sense of that pure reign  
Of constant law, enduring through all change;  
Shall I not one day, after faithful years,  
Find that thy heavens are built on music too,  
And hear once more, above thy throbbing worlds,  
This voice of all compassion, Comfort ye,  
Yes—Comfort ye, my people, saith your God?



July 21, 1923

The Children's Newspaper

7

## WIMBLEDON THE WONDERFUL CENTRE OF WORLD'S TENNIS

### The Pageant of Play in a Green Colosseum

#### BEATEN BY OUR GUESTS

Another Wimbledon fortnight has come and gone, and players from many lands have fought battles once again.

Never have there been greater crowds to witness tennis in this country. The spectators (probably the same people again and again) must have numbered at least two hundred thousand.

To millions who play tennis, or follow it with pleasure as a queen of health-giving games, Wimbledon has magic in its three syllables. It is to most of us what the Thames is to the oarsman, Lord's to the cricketer, Wembley and Twickenham to the footballer.

#### Headquarters of the Game

But for each enthusiast who visits this far-famed ground, hundreds of thousands cannot do so. So a C.N. tennis lover who has been paying his first visit to Wimbledon sets down his impressions of the new headquarters of the game.

We look down from a height and see a succession of green paddocks, each enclosed, with terraces for spectators, and each a court where famous players may be seen working up for semi-finals and finals on the centre court. The centre court is the Rome of the ground; the other courts are the provinces of the empire.

The centre court is, indeed, something at which to marvel. It is surrounded by a vast building in the form of an ellipse and holds 14,000 people. Those who know the Eternal City are reminded of the Colosseum.

#### A Miracle of Green

The grass of Wimbledon would delight the player of bowls. Sun and wear and tear showed the thousands of seams where the turf has been pieced together, and toward the end of a hard day's play there were parts of the centre court which looked as if the surface were of powdered coconut matting. But when the water hose was turned on, and the dust was washed from the grass, a miracle of green appeared.

In only one respect does Wimbledon disappoint us. Seated far back in the great stand, one is too far from the play to appreciate its fine points at once. Accustomed to a close view, the eye does not soon gauge pace and distance at this range. There is something of the marionette about the competitors, a touch of unreality in the effect of their strokes, and it is only by the force with which the ball hits the net or crashes against the boundary fence that we are enabled to gauge the force of a drive by Johnston or a smash by Lenglen.

#### Setting the World an Example

But the eye is more accommodating than the telescope, and gradually gauges velocity and direction and distance. Soon one is able to realise that Made-moiselle Lenglen is as peerless among women players as W. G. Grace was among cricketers; Johnston as overwhelming as G. O. Smith in his international centre-forward days. We have no British-born men players in sight to compare with the foreigners. We have been everywhere beaten by our guests.

But what of that? The play, the spirit of it, the delight in its grace, rhythm, and exquisite action of muscle and brain—these it is that count. We have taught the world tennis, and the world is beating us, but we shall yet renew our challenge with success, and in the meantime we are quite happy to set the world an example in cheerful acceptance of defeat which we have striven our best to avert.

## THE WAY OF THE OPTIMIST

An optimistic manager of a mine in Illinois has just been splendidly justified.

During last year the flood waters of the Big Muddy River suddenly broke through the roof of a coalmine at Murphysborough and filled the mine. More than 300,000 tons of coal and £10,000 worth of machinery lay under a thousand million gallons of water, and so helpless did the situation seem that many engineers who examined the mine said that the wealth was lost for ever.

But the manager and chief engineer were optimistic. They arranged a series of hoist boxes which could be let down into the mine and drawn up full of water. The boxes held 700 gallons, and they made an average of three hoists a minute, so

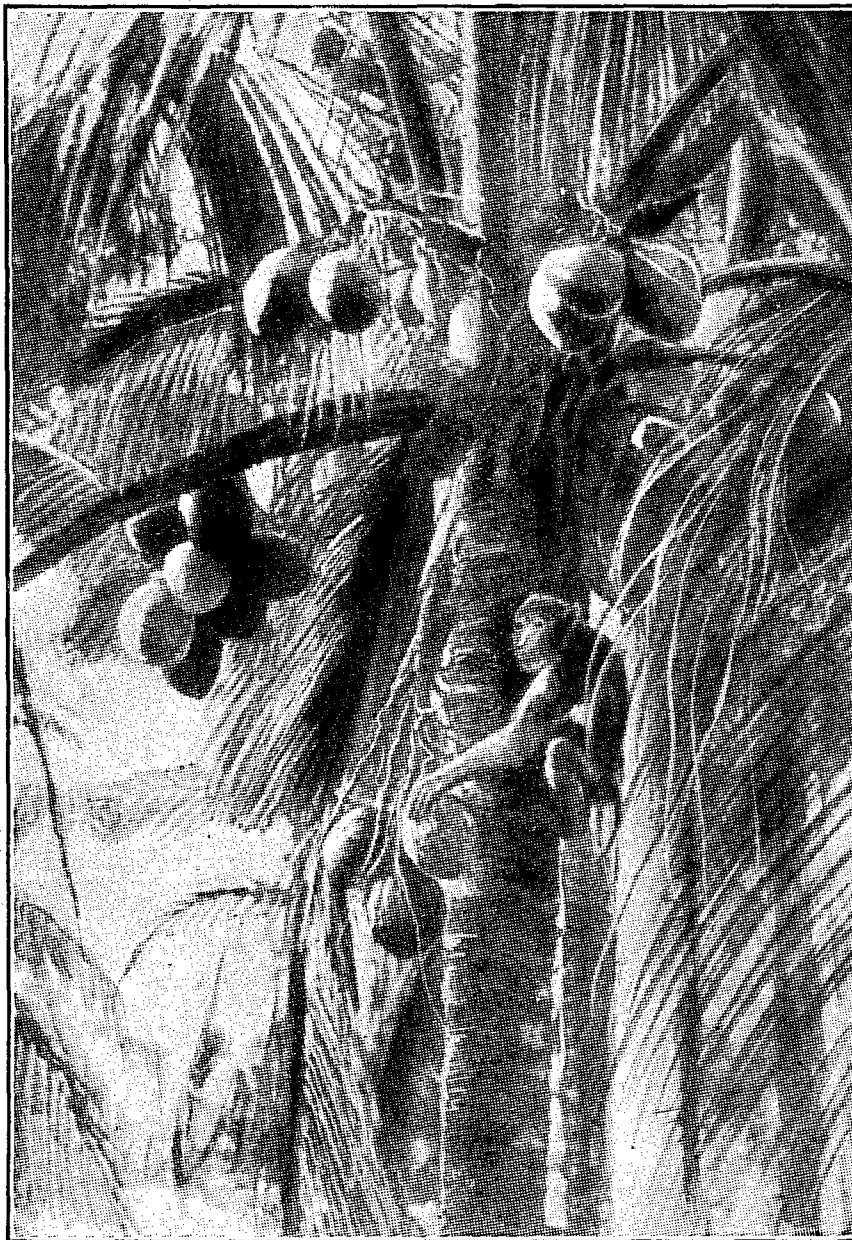
that every 24 hours three million gallons were baled out of the flooded mine.

In addition, electric pumps were set to work, and these also pumped out two million gallons a day, so that the mine was emptied at the rate of five million gallons a day.

After a time the shaft was clear, and then, as the water level in the mine was lowered, steam pumps near the shaft bottom were reclaimed and set to work, and in the end the whole mine was emptied of water and the machinery recovered within two hundred days.

Now the coal is being brought up the shaft at the rate of over a thousand tons a day. It has been one of the greatest triumphs of coalmining ever achieved.

## A BUSY MAN AT WORK IN JAVA



A trained monkey, one of the big industrial army in the East Indies, picking coconuts for his owner on a Java plantation. The monkey proves himself very intelligent and quick at this kind of work. See next column

## FUTURE OF THE MONKEY

### WILL HE JOIN THE WORKERS?

#### Coconut-Picking for the Planters of Sumatra

#### WHAT OLD TRAVELLERS SAW

Will the day come when the monkey takes his place among the trained animal workers of the world? It looks as if it may be so.

The native planters of Sumatra are more and more using monkeys to pick their coconuts. When it was first stated that monkeys were being trained to do this work it was regarded as a traveller's tale; but Mr. E. W. Gudge, of the American Museum of Natural History, New York, who has been inquiring into the matter, finds that it is a fact, and that monkeys trained as coconut pickers have a high commercial value.

The price of a trained coconut monkey ranges from about £2 to £4, which is very much higher than the value of an ordinary untrained animal kept only as a pet, and there is a growing demand for these recruits to the labour market in the Dutch East Indies.

The animals are trained by natives to climb the tree rapidly, pluck the coconuts, and drop them on the ground. A cord is tied round the monkey's waist; the other end being held by the owner, who directs the monkey's activities from below by pulling the cord, in much the same way as a horse is guided by means of the reins.

The monkeys are apt pupils, and they are much cheaper for the work than the cheapest human labour. They are far quicker and more agile, and this is a consideration when the trees are so high.

#### Monkeys as Apt Pupils

But the curious thing is that, though the training of monkeys as coconut pickers has been laughed at as a ridiculous fairy tale, it is not only true, but is not even a new thing.

Many travellers have seen the monkeys at work. Miss Isabella Bird, the well-known traveller, has given an account of how she saw one go up a tree and gather the nuts, though he was not very enthusiastic about it. Unlike this animal, however, many monkeys seen gathering coconuts have been pleasant and willing workers, and acted as if they thought they were having a jolly time.

A traveller who came back from China a hundred years ago declared that he had seen monkeys gathering rhubarb and rice for their masters, and the story is quite likely to have been true.

The monkey is trained for useful work in many countries, even in Abyssinia learning to serve as a torch-bearer at supper parties; and it is certainly not impossible to include it among the domesticated animals of the world. It might with better training, carried out through many generations, prove a valuable worker.

Picture on this page.

## A SPRING FROM A TREE

### Farmer's Water Supply

A Swiss farmer has found a water supply in the strangest of places: it came out of a tree trunk.

Suddenly a little water was seen to trickle from a crevice in the trunk, and the stream not only continued without cessation, but increased in volume.

Day after day this went on, and the farmer, finding that it seemed likely to continue, treated the tree as if it were a rock or a pump, and built a trough on the ground beneath the crack from which the water oozed.

The water continues to pour out, and all the cattle on the farm are watered at the trough, and the fluid is used for many other purposes. It is cool, clear, and wholesome, and its origin is a mystery. The tree lives and thrives as usual.

Scientists can give no definite explanation, but they think the roots have pierced a subterranean stream.

## NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

A cat, which had been missed by a Plymouth householder for eleven days, was at last found in a chimney.

#### Listening-in on Trains

Every Pullman car in Great Britain is to be fitted with wireless, and passengers will be able to listen-in in comfort while travelling.

#### The World's Railways

There are now over three-quarters of a million miles of railways in the world, nearly half of these being in America, and only thirty per cent. in Europe.

#### Eels Hold Up a Train

An express train from Euston was held up near Rugby for five minutes by a number of eels which had escaped from troughs at Holbrook Park and squirmed on to the line.

During 1922 lifeboats round the British coasts saved 436 lives and helped to save from destruction 25 vessels.

#### Bird Flies 1200 Miles

When the liner President Garfield was 1200 miles off the English coast, a pigeon flew on board bearing a tag marked K 22 Norfolk, England.

#### The Barber's Vacuum Cleaner

Instead of the time-honoured whisks, the handymen in Chicago barber shops are now "brushing" the clothes of patrons with small vacuum cleaners.

#### A Young Swimmer

Gwyneth Codd, a clever little swimmer attending Clarendon Street School, Nottingham, is the youngest child in England to hold the certificate of the Royal Life-Saving Society. She is nine.



## BEFORE WIRELESS WAS THOUGHT OF THE WORLD IN THE SLOW OLD DAYS

Admiralty's Telegraph Line of  
80 Years Ago

### THE HILLTOP MEN

Development in wireless communication is proceeding at such a rate that it is difficult to realise that only about three-quarters of a century ago the British Admiralty was dependent for urgent news on a wireless system of signalling.

Another ten years or so witnessed the covering of England with a network of main telegraph lines and the laying of submarine cables, which eventually brought the ends of the Earth into communication, and these are still in constant use. And the last year of the nineteenth century saw the beginnings of wireless, whose ends no man may safely prophesy.

The Admiralty telegraph system of the forties consisted of a line of stations linked up with London by the human sight, and therefore liable to interruption by mist or fog, and in any case workable only during daylight. Yet, slow and uncertain as were the results obtained by repeating signals from station to station by this means, some remarkable results were obtained.

### Working the Shutters

The telegraph of those days consisted of a large frame in which were six shutters, worked by ropes, and 63 different signals could be sent, including figures and many common words. Any three or four words could be signalled by six or eight changes of the shutters. The observers were, as a rule, not expected to keep their eyes glued to their telescopes, a look every five minutes for the make-ready signal being all that was required.

Between London and Portsmouth there were 12 stations, and 31 between London and Plymouth, while the chain from London to Yarmouth contained 19 stations, and that from London to Deal 10 stations.

### The Signal Stations

The distance between stations averaged eight miles, though in some instances it was as much as 12 or 14 miles; and the chain was often lengthened by the necessity of placing the stations on commanding heights. This was particularly the case on the route to Yarmouth, because the direct line ran through flat country.

Experience showed that signals could be transmitted on about 200 days throughout the year; on about 60 others, though communication was difficult; while on the remaining 100 days or so signals could pass only between a few stations exceptionally placed.

As might be expected, easterly winds put the stations at Chelsea and on Putney Heath out of communication with the Admiralty owing to the smoke of London.

### A Wonderful Record

The usual time occupied in transmitting a message from London to Portsmouth was a quarter of an hour, but a test of speed under special conditions of weather and preparedness showed that a single signal could be sent from London to Plymouth and back again in three minutes, over a route of 500 miles. This gave a speed of nearly three miles a second—"a rapidity truly wonderful," as a contemporary writer observed, and, indeed, at that time it must have seemed a wonderful achievement, depending as it did on quickness of eye and hand on the part of the crews of the various stations.

Today a message can be sent half round the world by wireless with the speed of light; yet there are many people living who were born before the electric telegraph came into use.

## C.N. COUNTRY POSTBOX

Our Country Postbox is full of interesting things, and we give a few of them here.

### A CAT FINDS ITS PEOPLE

A young reader in Natal tells an interesting story of how a cat found the people it belonged to.

We have come to live at a place a mile away from our former home. The cat got away when we tried to bring him to our new home.

But one night, six weeks after we had left our old home, he came the whole mile by himself to our new home, though he had never been to it before.

He had evidently been looking for us, for though he has only been here one night he has quite settled down.

### THE TIT AND THE BEES

A little naturalist in Kent sends us this note of a curious incident lately observed.

A lady living in a Kent village kept bees as a hobby, but soon discovered that it was not a very profitable hobby, as the bees began to disappear.

Determined to find out the cause of their disappearance, she found that blue tits were the culprits. They would sit on the top of the hives, and tap with their beaks just above the holes where the bees flew in and out.

Whether through fear or annoyance at the tapping we do not know, but one by one the bees would come flying out, and almost before they had found the open air the tits would seize them in their beaks and devour them.

Now, tits are friendly little birds, and do a great deal of good by destroying innumerable insects infesting plants and trees, so that no doubt they consider a bee a delicacy, and to them a swarm would be a banquet indeed.

### THE GREEDY SPANIEL

A Devonshire lady gives this account of a greedy spaniel's mistake.

I live in a cottage on a dairy farm where a spaniel is kept. She has formed the habit of coming to my kitchen door to see what she can get in the way of extra food. She is very greedy and a great thief.

On one occasion, when a tin of clotted cream was left on the doorstep, she made off with it and contrived to have a rare feast.

This morning, while I was out, my groceries from the town were left outside the door—one large parcel and two loose bottles, one of which contained Brunswick black for painting grates.

The Brunswick black disappeared, and the spaniel was found at some distance from the house trying to break it open. Evidently she expected it would contain a good relish of some kind. Fortunately the bottle was of stone, so no damage was done, and the little spaniel was spared a bitter disappointment.

### THE MEMORY OF A HOMING PIGEON

A North Country reader gives an instance of the homing instinct of a pigeon.

I flew a pigeon, a young bird, 125 miles, and she won the third prize. Then, later, I presented her to a keeper of pigeons whose loft was four and a half miles away. The next year he raced her, and again the following year up to 370 miles, and won good positions.

In the third year he trained her specially for the Scottish National Race, about 500 miles. There were no birds home on the first day of liberation, but early the next day she dropped in at her old loft. Having given her some food and drink, I tossed her up; but she sat behind a high chimney till 5.15 p.m., and then cleared off.

Of course, the long delay lost my friend a position at the top, but he got the fifth place. The strange thing is that she had not previously paid my loft a visit from the time I parted with her. Probably her old home was in her line of flight, and, being thoroughly fagged out, she homed at the first place she knew.

It is pleasant to think that when she was completely exhausted she came back to the loft where she was hatched.

## EUROPE'S HOT WATER PIPE

Great Body of Water and  
Its Effect on Our Climate

### GULF STREAM AND WEATHER

Often it is said that the climate of Cornwall, or of the Welsh coast, or even of Westmorland, is mild because the shores are warmed by the Gulf Stream.

That is wrong, but not altogether. The Gulf Stream, which flows out of the Gulf of Florida, crosses the Atlantic and sends branches up to Westmorland, round Ireland, and round the north of Scotland, and also to the North Cape, is warmer than the surrounding Atlantic, but it could not of itself warm the land.

What it probably does is to warm the air above it while crossing the Atlantic. Also, the Gulf Stream itself is sometimes warmer than at others. If there have been strong north-east trade winds in the Eastern Atlantic for some months, it is found that for four to six months afterwards the body of water which flows out of Florida Straits is warmer than usual.

### All Sorts of Weather

After eight months, between the eighth and eleventh, it becomes cooler, but while it is warmer it heats and expands the air above it in the Atlantic, so that the shore winds of the Atlantic are muggy and showery, and, at the same time, owing to the rising of the warmer and lighter air, the cold air rushes in from the north to take its place.

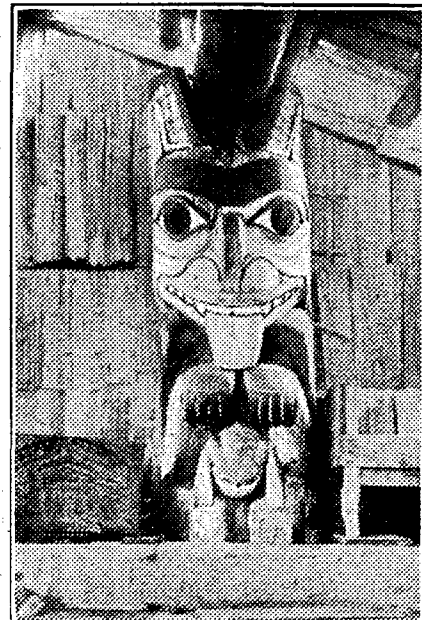
All this has happened in the last seven or eight months, with some extraordinary consequences to the weather of many regions.

There was an extraordinary amount of ice in the Western North Atlantic.

There has been an early spring in North-Western Europe, so that, in England, spring flowers were blooming in February.

This has been followed by a long period of cold weather, due to the cool, heavy air being carried from the North.

There was a very late spring in Eastern North America. The temperatures were below zero (32 degrees below



A totem pole inside a house. See next column

Fahrenheit) in Eastern Canada till the end of March; and in the United States there was much snow in May.

There has been heavy rainfall in the very dry and arid region of North Brazil; and it has been so wet, cold, and rainy in Northern Africa that round Bishra watercourses, dry for the last eight years, have been filled again.

This warm period of the Gulf Stream ought to be succeeded in a few months by a colder one, which will produce calm but perhaps cool weather in the countries on each side of the North Atlantic.

## ADDING TO THE WORLD'S KNOWLEDGE EXPEDITIONS TO MANY LANDS

A Year's Good Work of a  
Great Institution

### FAMILY HISTORY IN THE TOTEM POLE

That fine scientific foundation the Smithsonian Institution, started in Washington, the capital of the United States, by James Smithson, an Englishman, "for the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men," is one of the bodies which is carrying out faithfully the wishes of its generous founder.

James Smithson left his estate for this purpose to be realised after the death of certain relatives, and in 1838 his fortune went to America in the form of 104,860 golden sovereigns. An addition came to the fund when a relative of Smithson died. And other gifts have been made by Americans, so that in 1910 the fund amounted to 944,918 dollars, invested at 6 per cent.

### Among the Glaciers

"The income is used 'to stimulate men of talent to make original researches' and 'to publish reports on the progress of different branches of knowledge.'" Such a report has just been issued for the year 1922, and it shows that during the year twenty-two expeditions in search of knowledge were either sent out or helped financially.

An expedition to the Rockies included in its work principally geology and natural history. The members report that the largest glacier in the Rockies has melted away for 38 yards on an average in each of the last four years.

The Institution has two astronomical stations of its own, one in Arizona and the other in Chile; and they have been observing fluctuations of the Sun's heat when sunspots can be seen. The variation of the Sun's heat is as much as five per cent. when the Sun is in the state which makes sunspots visible to us.

### A Curious Shrine

Dr. J. Walker Fewkes, continuing his excavations in the National Park, Colorado, discovered a remarkable building which he calls Pipe Shrine House. He infers that in it priests gathered round the fireplace, smoking pipes at a ceremonial shrine, and then left the pipes behind as offerings. A number of pipes were found scattered around. Skeletons also were found, with pottery, and stone idols.

The study of totem poles was continued in Alaska by Dr. T. T. Waterman, the professor whose account of Ishi, the Stone Age man killed by civilisation, appeared some time ago in the C.N. monthly. Each pole represents the grounds on which its owner claims fame, either for himself or for his family before him. It is a kind of sculptured hieroglyphic history. The earlier totem poles are much superior in artistic merit to the more recent ones.

### Natives Forgetting Their Art

It seems as if the Indians are forgetting their art; and so the preservation of some of the best specimens is regarded as important, that future generations may understand the part they played in the primitive stages of American art.

Fine illustrations of the poles have been made by photography. They display in a striking form how these early artists loved complexity in their compositions, and made the carving of the whole pole an artistic unity, merging figure into figure throughout the whole length.

The watchfulness of the Smithsonian Institution for the spread of knowledge embraces the whole world, though, of course, it is most active in countries where science is least interesting to the people; for the advanced countries are constantly carrying on their own special researches.

Picture in next column



July 21, 1923

## The Children's Newspaper

9

## THE WEEK IN GEOGRAPHY

## TANGIER

## MOORISH TOWN THAT ONCE BELONGED TO ENGLAND

One of the world's towns most interesting just now to those who follow the details of politics is Tangier, the African seaport nearest to Europe.

It is on the Straits of Gibraltar, to the westward of the northern tip of Morocco, and is the place in Western Africa most frequently visited by Europeans, because there a glimpse at Moorish life may be obtained most easily.

It is not at all unlikely that in a short time several nations may be holding a conference to decide what shall be done with this ancient town. The three most interested nations are France, Spain, and Great Britain; and the men who have the most knowledge of Tangier have been trying to come to an agreement about the place that will prevent international disputes.

## Many Nations and Many Courts

The difficulty is that in the past the sultans of Morocco failed entirely to preserve order and do justice. So the consuls of all the European countries that do business in Tangier by common agreement set up their own courts to judge cases in which their own countrymen were concerned.

An Englishman would demand to be tried by English law and in an English court, a Frenchman in a French court, a German in a German court, and so on. So there are several courts protecting different European races from injustice, and the town is neutral ground for all. Indeed, in many respects Tangier is governed internationally.

But the town is in Morocco, and nominally the Sultan rules it. Really, however, he is not master there. As a matter of fact he is not master anywhere, for the French are the governors of the greater part of Morocco, the Sultan, being a dummy figure under their control; and the Spaniards claim to govern the rest of the country, though a good deal of it is in rebellion against them.

## A Problem for the Nations

Just before the Great War all the Powers interested agreed to the neutralising of Tangier, France being forward in wishing for it, as Germany was supposed to have ambitions there. But now France takes a different view. The war having disposed of Germany, France suggests that the Sultan of Morocco should have his rights restored.

Apparently that would mean that the international plan would be weakened or set aside, the Sultan nominally would have more power, but France, in whose hands he is a puppet, would have the real power. To that change Great Britain, Spain, and probably other countries object, and so there may be the usual conference, with the dangers of dispute.

## A Very Ancient Town

Tangier is a very ancient town, long ago quite important, and likely to be important again if Morocco, which is a rich country, could be developed peacefully. It belonged to England in the reign of Charles the Second, but we gave it back to the Moors. It stands picturesquely on a bay that serves small ships very well as a port, but not large ships. Of its 45,000 inhabitants probably 10,000 are Jews, and there are many Spaniards. A good deal of the trade is British, carried on through Gibraltar, lying just opposite.

Few towns of its size in the world have such a variety of residents, and from that came the plan of a mixed government, which present-day restlessness is seeking to upset.

## C.N. QUESTION BOX

All questions must be asked on postcards; one question on each card, with name and address. The Editor regrets that it is not possible to answer all questions sent in.

## What is the Crossbill's Egg Like?

Pale greenish blue, spotted sparingly with dark brown, with paler underlying markings.

## Does the Zebra Belong to the Horse Family?

Yes; the different zebras are different species in the genus *equus*, which includes the horses and asses.

## What Nation is Meant by the Name Nicholas Frog?

Nic Frog is the Dutchman in Arbuthnot's History of John Bull. Frogs are called Dutch nightingales.

## Does the Thrush Eat Slugs?

Mr. W. H. Hudson in his "British Birds" says, "Insects of all kinds, earthworms, and slugs and snails, are eaten by the song thrush."

## What is Sherardising?

The coating of iron or steel with zinc by exposing to heat in a closed chamber that contains zinc dust, surfaces which have been carefully cleaned.

## Why Cannot We See the Patterns of the Crystals in the Snow?

We can if we look closely through a lens. The reason we do not see the shapes of the crystals by glancing at the snow is that they are too small.

## Does Any Animal Live as Long as Man?

Some live far longer: the whale, 500 years; the tortoise, 350 years; the crocodile, 300 years; the elephant, eagle, swan, and crow, a century; and so on.

What was the End of Donna Marina, who Acted as Interpreter to Cortez in Mexico? In 1524 she married a Spanish captain, Juan Jaramillo, and settled down in Mexico, where she died some time after 1550.

## Who Invented Candles?

No one can say, but we know that candles were used by the Romans about the time of Jesus. The word candle in the Bible means lamp, and candlestick should be translated lampstand.

## What is the Difference Between a Blue Tit's Eggs and a Coal Tit's?

The eggs are very much alike—white, speckled and dotted with pale reddish brown. Only a sight of the bird coming off the nest will enable us to be sure in identification.

## What Does the sex in Essex, Middlesex, and Wessex Stand for?

Essex was formerly spelt Est-sexia, and means the land of the East Saxons; Middlesex is the land of the Middle Saxons; and Wessex the land of the West Saxons: they are references to the original settlements of Saxon invaders in England.

## What were the Hanging Gardens of Babylon?

One of the Seven Wonders of the Ancient World. They are said to have formed a square at Babylon with an area of nearly four acres, and rose in terraces on stone arches to a height of 75 feet. Their builder is variously stated to be Nebuchadnezzar and Semiramis.

## How Can Grease Marks be Removed from Paper?

Here is a recipe often given. Gently warm the paper and apply blotting paper to extract as much grease as possible. Boil clear essential oil of turpentine and apply it to the warm paper with a soft clean brush. A little rectified spirit of wine should be put over afterwards.

## Why Do Chemists Have Large Bottles of Coloured Water in Their Windows?

These are a relic of the old days when apothecaries and alchemists used to have a number of retorts and jars in which they kept or prepared their mixtures. The chemist has dismissed the retorts from his shop, but retains the big jars in the shape of great glass bottles full of coloured liquids.

## How Old is Westminster Abbey?

Its various parts are of different ages. The first church of which there is a record stood there in the eighth century. This was rebuilt in 1050 to 1065 by Edward the Confessor, and a few fragments of his building still exist. Other sovereigns added other parts from time to time, and the well-known towers were completed in 1740 from designs by Sir Christopher Wren.

## Will Golden Carp Breed in an Aquarium?

Yes; in a large aquarium containing water weeds they will affix their spawn to the weeds, especially to anacharis. The spawn should be at once removed to another tank, otherwise the old fish will eat it or the fry when hatched. The young fish are hatched in about ten days, and should be provided with the smallest kind of animal food, such as water-fleas. After four months they may be returned to the aquarium.

## Why Does the Hyena Laugh?

It does not really laugh; it is only said to do so because its natural voice, or call, is something like loud and hysterical laughter.

## How Many Kinds of Geranium are There?

There are very many kinds, and you could get a list of a considerable number by writing to one of the big seed merchants.

## Why Do Birds when Flying Together Turn at the Same Time?

No doubt much of their flying in numbers is sheer playing, and they either follow a leader, or imitate one another like sheep.

## What Colours are the Blue Fox and the Silver Fox?

They are both delicate shades of grey, one with a bluish tinge and the other with a silvery appearance.

## If Rain Falls Vertically Why Does More Fall on Our Back than on Our Front?

Because we instinctively bend forward as we walk to dodge the rain, and naturally our front is protected while our back is exposed.

## What is the Capital of Lapland?

There is no capital of Lapland, which is not a country but an undefined district which includes parts of Finland, Sweden, and Norway.

## Why Do Grasses Flourish although Closely Cropped by Grazing Animals?

The cropping acts like the pruning of trees and bushes, and does not affect any vital part of the plant.

## Why Do Butterflies Have Dust on Their Wings?

The dust is really a series of very fine and beautifully made scales. If you look at some of this dust through a microscope you will see its beauty.

## Are Icebergs Made of Salt Water?

Icebergs are large fragments broken off from glaciers that have reached the sea, and as glaciers are frozen rivers, the icebergs are made of fresh water and were formed on land, not in the sea.

## Why are Some Fields Undulating and Others Not?

The character of a landscape is due to geological and physiographical causes that vary in different areas. Undulating country is generally hilly country that has been worn down by the action of rain and river.

## Why Does Carbide Give Off Acetylene Gas When Water is Put On it?

This is due to chemical action, part of the hydrogen of the water combining with the carbon of the carbide to form acetylene gas, and the remainder of the hydrogen with the oxygen combining with the calcium to form lime.

## Which is the World's Most Northerly Town?

Tasiusak, in Greenland, is the most northerly settlement in the world, and is over 1000 miles from the North Pole. Probably the most southerly settlement is the whaling station where Shackleton lies buried in South Georgia.

## What is an Alderman?

A member of a town or county council in England, Wales, or Ireland, but not in Scotland, who is chosen for the dignity by the councillors from among their number. Aldermen of the Corporation of the City of London are chosen for life, but other aldermen serve only for a fixed period. The word means elder man.

## Why do so Many of the Earth's Peninsulas Point South?

This is supposed to have some connection with the shape of the solid part of the Earth, which, according to the latest theories, is not round, but slightly pear-shaped, the under part being at the north, and the Earth tapering, like so many of the peninsulas, to the south.

## Why are Latin Names Used for the Animals and Plants of the World?

Because Latin was formerly the language of all scholars, and to give the scientific names of plants and animals in Latin makes them understandable by scholars and students of all nations, and saves much confusion. The scientific name of a creature is the same in all languages.

## Was the Clifton Suspension Bridge, Bristol, ever in London?

The bridge as a whole was not, but the chains formerly belonged to a suspension bridge at Charing Cross, London, which was dismantled in 1860 to make way for the present railway bridge at Charing Cross the chains were bought at a low cost and used for the new bridge then being built at Clifton.

## GIANT OF THE UNIVERSE

## LARGEST KNOWN STAR

## A Fiery Globe that Would Fill the Sky

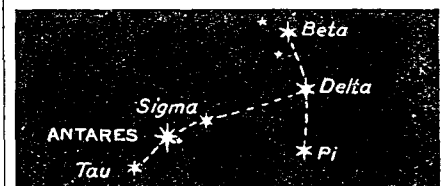
## MEANING OF THE GREEN FLASHES

By Our Astronomical Correspondent

Low down in the southern sky, as soon as it is dark, may be seen Antares.

This star may be easily identified by its reddish tint. Three rather bright stars, almost in a line, will be seen to the right of Antares, about twelve times the Moon's width away. These are Beta, Delta, and Pi of the Scorpion, and they help us to find Antares.

Actually Antares is composed of two stars—a reddish one, a sun of terrific dimensions; and a companion of greenish hue, which accounts for the



How to find Antares

occasional green flashes we see. Whether this smaller greenish sun—which is of the seventh magnitude and, therefore, beyond unaided vision—is associated with the giant remains to be seen; it may revolve round Antares or be merely seen in the line of sight.

Additional interest attaches to Antares just now, for his immense fiery globe has recently been measured by the interferometer method, and found to be the largest known in the Universe, exceeding both Betelgeuse and Arcturus, the two stars previously measured, and some 420 million miles in diameter. This, however, is subject to modification should its distance prove to be greater or less than is supposed.

## Star 1300 Million Miles Round

Our Earth, 25,000 miles round, is comparatively easy to imagine; and the Sun, a little over 2½ million miles round, we can form an idea of because we see it. But Antares is some 1300 million miles round. Can we visualise this? Yes, for we know what 2½ million miles looks like 93 million miles away, in the case of the Sun, which occupies rather more than half a degree of the sky. Now, the entire heavens visible at any moment measures 180 degrees from the extreme eastern horizon to overhead and thence down to the extreme western horizon. The apparent width of the Sun is approximately a 360th part of this.

If Antares were there instead he would at midday occupy about 240 degrees, or 60 degrees more than the entire heavens. In other words, he would more than fill the visible sky as seen from the Equator, and the greater part as seen from the Poles in summer.

## If the Sun Were Gas

But, of course, our comparative proximity to a globe so immense would prevent us from ever seeing an entire hemisphere of Antares. Perspective would operate also in somewhat reducing, apparently, his immensity. Nevertheless, Antares would still almost fill the sky even in our latitudes. Fortunately he is 7,350,000 times as far away as our Sun.

Antares is known to be a colossal globe of glowing gas, which partly accounts for his immense size. If our Sun were transformed by some celestial convulsion into gaseous elements of low density he would become several times larger, but relatively cooler.

So we find that Antares radiates less heat in proportion to his size than our Sun, his surface temperature being calculated to be about 3000 degrees Centigrade, while that of our Sun is nearer 6000 degrees.

G. F. M.



# THE HEIR OF A HUNDRED KINGS

The Strange Adventures  
of a Schoolboy in Africa

## CHAPTER 37

### King of Kush

"I FELT a frightful ass," said Roger, when relating his experiences later. "There I was, perched on the litter, at the head of that queer procession, and everybody making a most terrible row."

"They carried me to a big building standing in a very lovely garden. The great doors were magnificently carved. They were thrown open, and I went through a sort of hall, with walls and ceilings finely painted."

"Then a splendid-looking fellow in a wonderful robe opened another door, and bowed until he nearly touched the floor. They took me into a gorgeous room, decorated with wonderful paintings. At one end there was a huge chair made of ivory. The seat was a leopard skin."

"They made me sit on this. Then they marched across in front of me, every man bowing low as he passed."

"When they had all gone by, they sat down on stools of acacia wood that lined the walls, and old Hoteb came and stood beside me and made a speech. I couldn't understand him, of course, but he seemed to please a good many of them. I noticed that the high priest looked rather black."

"Then the old chap bowed again, and led the way out. Every one followed him except the fine fellow I mentioned. He clapped his hands, and half a dozen young men with very little on came through a door behind my seat and lay flat on the floor in front of me."

"I was getting sick of all this bowing and scraping, but what could I do? I couldn't speak a word of their language, or they of mine. I sang out, 'Suleiman! Suleiman!' And the big man sent a messenger to find him."

"He came in about a quarter of an hour. The fellows in front of me hadn't stirred. Suleiman started bowing like the rest, but I told him I didn't want any more of it, and asked him the meaning of all these antics. When he told me that Hoteb had proclaimed me king I burst out laughing."

"I said I couldn't be the king; I was an English boy. Then old Suleiman asked me whether it wasn't better to be a king than a corpse. I agreed with that. He said it was no good my protesting; the people wouldn't believe me, because they thought old Hoteb was inspired and couldn't make a mistake."

"Well, I thought the matter over. As a captive I had very little chance of getting away; but if I accepted the kingship for a time I might be able to make an opportunity. It seemed rather silly, if not mean; but what could I do?"

"So I said 'All right, I'll be king. Tell these fellows to get up.' Suleiman explained that they were my servants. And very good servants they were. They took me into another room where there were a bed and a bath and a large carved chest. This had all sorts of fine robes in it. Suleiman told me I could have my pick."

"So presently you might have seen me in a long, white robe like a toga and sandals on my feet. I felt a regular guy, but it was splendid not to have to wear a collar."

"When I was dressed up, they took me into another room, as fine as the rest. There was a low round table in the middle, and an ebony stool, inlaid with ivory. I had the finest meal I ever had in my life. I didn't know what I was eating, except the fruit; but it was all jolly good after the food I'd been having lately. I think I tasted goose in one of the dishes."

"The table was covered with flowers, and one of the servants hung a bouquet round my neck. Another went round the room

: : Told by  
Herbert Strang

swinging a censer that gave out a most lovely scent."

"When I had finished, they took me into still another room, where there was a high couch with legs like a stag's. There was a padded sort of quilt on it and a headrest."

"They seemed to think I'd want to sleep after my dinner. When I was settled, four musicians came in, with a guitar, two harps, and a flute. I never heard such queer music as they made, but it was soft, not an awful row like jazz; and what with this and the scent and my big meal, I soon fell asleep."

## CHAPTER 38

### The Challenge

ROGER was awakened by the sound of splashing water. Rubbing his eyes, he saw one of his white-robed attendants pouring water into his alabaster bath.

"It's not a dream, after all," he thought, and called for Suleiman.

"Look here," he said, when the man appeared, "you mustn't leave me. I must have someone I can talk to. What's to happen now?"

The man replied that Hoteb insisted on the coronation taking place that very day. Being of priestly rank, he would himself perform the ceremony. He was very old, and when he had seen a Sanka-ra once more on the throne he would be content to die.

"But it's perfectly silly!" cried Roger. "I'm not Sanka-ra. It's a fraud. Hallo! Who's this?"

A man had entered, bearing various pots, and a long, smooth white object like a paper-knife.

"He comes to shave your head," said Suleiman.

"Shave my head, I'm hanged if he does!"

Suleiman explained that the high caste men of the people of Kush had shaven heads.

"Well, I won't have mine shaved," said Roger. "If I'm king I'll start a new custom. Send the fellow away."

The barber bowed low and retired. Roger submitted with a somewhat ill grace to be bathed and clothed, thinking that it was not all fun being a king.

When he was escorted to the dining-room for his breakfast, he found that portions of food had been set for him on a number of little dishes. Moderation being the rule in Kush, he could not expect to have a second helping of anything.

"That's another thing I'll alter if I'm here long," he thought.

All the time he sat at the table an attendant stood behind his chair with a fan, with which he whisked away the flies.

When the meal was over, he was taken to the robing chamber, where the keeper of the sacred robes dressed him in a finely embroidered garment, and put on his head a sort of kerchief that fell down over his shoulders.

Then he heard music, and when he was led to the outer gate he found the court musicians placed at the head of a long procession. Hoteb was there, and the high priest with a crowd of the lesser priests, helmeted warriors, and a host of functionaries. One man led a small ox, which had a garland of flowers encircling its horns.

They set off for the temple, followed by an immense throng of the people. The great gates were thrown open, and Roger marched up to the altar between Hoteb and the high priest.

At the altar, Hoteb made a long speech to the attentive congregation. Then the ox was killed, and offered as a sacrifice. And then Hoteb placed a small golden fillet upon Roger's head, a scribe read extracts from the sacred books, and the assembly acclaimed the new king with a resounding shout.

The ceremony had only just concluded when Roger, standing on the steps of the altar, facing the people, saw a commotion at the farther end of the temple. The crowd parted, and there came hastily through their ranks a figure which Roger recognised with a feeling of misgiving.

It was the man with one ear.

He came directly to the altar, threw a searching glance at Roger, then addressed Hoteb in a loud voice. The high priest, who had worn a gloomy look throughout the ceremony, perceptibly brightened.

Roger beckoned to Suleiman, who had stood near at hand.

"What is he saying?" he whispered.

"He says you are no prince," was the reply.

"But who is he?"

"He is the man I saved. He married the sister of the late king. He would be king himself. His name is Keb."

There was a breathless silence through the temple as Keb's loud voice rang out in denunciation. The high priest and some of his fellows beamed approval upon him, but it was plain that Hoteb listened with ever-growing indignation.

At last the old man raised a trembling hand and called upon Keb to cease. And then he poured out an impassioned speech, which won shouts of approval from the greater part of the audience.

"Keb isn't very popular," thought Roger.

Though he did not understand a word of what Hoteb said, it was clear from his tone and gestures that he was hurling denunciations at the disturber. Finally he turned to the high priest, and threw out his hand towards Keb.

"He demands that Keb be put in prison," said Suleiman in answer to a questioning look from Roger.

The high priest appeared to hesitate. Roger instantly saw that the moment had come for exercising his new authority. Though he shook a little inside, he drew himself up, pointed to the one-eared man, and called; as sternly as he could, "Arrest that man."

Suleiman translated his words. A great shout broke from most of the assembly. The high priest yielded with a scowling face. He gave an order. Two of the helmeted warriors stepped forth from their place at the side, and, seizing the indignant Keb, marched him down the temple amid the triumphant cries of the multitude.

## CHAPTER 39

### A Blow in the Dark

OTHER ceremonies followed the coronation, and Roger was tired out by the time he was free to withdraw to his private room.

## Tell Mother and Father

TO BUY THE  
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and Others

THE  
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"I had no idea it was so boring to be a king," he thought. "And I can't make it out. Old Hoteb must be as mad as a hatter."

Later in the day he got some enlightenment from Suleiman. It appeared that Keb had been a bitter enemy of the last king but one. He formed a conspiracy with the king's cousin; the king was deposed and killed, and the cousin succeeded to the throne.

In the midst of the troubles the king's son, an infant, had disappeared, together with the high priest of that time. Hoteb seemed to have convinced himself, by Roger's possession of the golden bead of Sanka-ra, that Roger was the long lost heir. The old soothsayer had foretold that some day the rightful line would be restored.

"But he knows I can't speak his language," Roger objected.

Suleiman's answer was that a child, having been brought up far from his native country, would naturally speak another language.

That night, feeling very hot in his bedroom, Roger got two of his attendants to carry a couch on to an open balcony that overlooked the palace courtyard, a few feet below.

He lay down, but being unable to sleep, he idly watched the courtyard, flooded with brilliant moonlight. It was a beautiful scene of peace; all was silent and serene. Roger heard nothing but the regular breathing of his attendants, who were sleeping, Eastern fashion, across the threshold of the doorway behind him.

His thoughts strayed to his uncles. What were they doing? How long would they search for him? Surely they would not return to Egypt without him!

He was at last becoming drowsy when his attention was suddenly caught by a slight movement among the shadows on the far side of the courtyard.

At first he thought it was some animal prowling. But, presently, the figure of a man flitted rapidly out of the shadow across a patch of moonlight and into the shadow beyond.

For a few moments nothing else happened. But Roger, now thoroughly awake, kept his eyes fixed on another moonlit patch farther on, feeling a strange certainty that the man would by and by cross that also.

He was right. The man again came into the moonlight, and darted silently across it until he was once more in the shade. The manner of his movements made Roger suspicious, and gave him a vague sense of danger.

The stealthy progress of the intruder had been toward the far end of the balcony. This was itself completely dark, and Roger strained his eyes to catch sight of the man if he should attempt to climb up from the courtyard. But he could neither see him nor hear any sound of movement.

After a while he rose noiselessly, and, picking up an earthenware pot, in default of any other weapon, he stole along the balcony toward the door of his room. The attendants were fast asleep on the threshold.

Just as he came to the doorway, he heard a slight noise within, and then the shuffling patter of light footsteps in the passage on the farther side of the room.

He rushed in. His attendants started up. At Roger's call Suleiman ran from his little room beyond carrying a saucer lamp.

"Someone came into the room," said Roger. "Did you see who it was?"

"I saw no one," the man replied. "What was he doing here? Is anything disturbed?"

They looked around the room. Suddenly Suleiman gave a cry and darted to the bed. He turned; something flashed in his hand.

"A dagger!" cried Roger. "It was deep in my lord's bed," said the man, "upright through the coverlet."

TO BE CONTINUED

## Five-Minute Story

### Jack's Opportunity

THE steeple-jack stopped at the foot of the long ladder that ran up the side of the great chimney for nearly two hundred feet and looked down at the boy at his side.

"It looks easy," he said, "and it is so long as you keep your nerve. But most people, when they have climbed thirty or forty feet, get height-sick, and can neither go up nor come down. No, my boy, I'm afraid I can't let you come up with me; the risk is too great."

"But I've climbed cliffs," protested Jack Welford, "and once at the seaside I went up to the top of a schooner's mast, and I wasn't a bit afraid."

"That's very different," said the steeple-jack. "Of course you may have the climbing temperament; some folks have, but not many. Now, Fred, up there" he pointed to a little black speck standing on the extreme top of the tall chimney, "isn't much older than you, but he has been climbing chimneys since he was a little boy."

Jack was about to reply when he paused with his mouth open and pointed upward.

"What's the matter with Fred?" he said quickly. "He's staggering about as if he were going to fall. Look! He's lying down!"

Joe Higgins, the steeple-jack, looked up anxiously.

"Good gracious! The boy has breathed some of the fumes from the chimney," he cried. "He'll fall off!"

Without another word he clutched the iron sides of the ladder and started to climb.

Jack watched him anxiously from the ground. Would he be in time?

Jack's eyes followed his every movement. He saw him balanced for a moment as he left the ladder, saw him spring to where Fred lay, and fling his arms about him.

Holding the boy in his arms, the steeple-jack looked down, and Jack saw that he would never be able to descend the ladder carrying Fred, who was a tall, strong lad. Jack wondered if he could help.

Suddenly his eye fell on a long coil of rope which the steeple-jack had used the day before to hoist a load of bricks to repair the chimney. If only he could carry up the rope, Fred could be lowered easily to the ground.

Would his nerve stand it?

He tied one end of the rope round his waist, and without one downward glance started to climb the ladder.

He took longer, much longer, than Mr. Higgins had done, and once or twice he faltered, but at last he gained the summit, breathless and exhausted.

"You have got the climbing temperament," said the steeple-jack, when all three were again on the ground. "But for you, we should never have got young Fred down safely."





# How Calm, How Beautiful, the Day Comes On



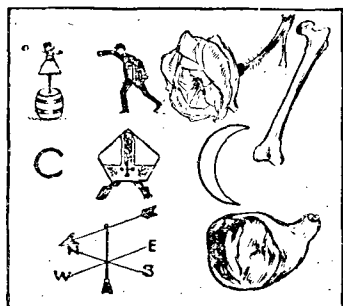
## DI MERRYMAN

"MOTHER," said a boy, "do you know that there is a baby in this town that was fed on elephant's milk and gained seven pounds a day? It is so big that it cannot be taken into the house, but is kept in a garden."

"That cannot be true," said the mother.

"Yes, it is," replied the boy; "it is the elephant's baby!"

Name and Address



These pictures represent a name and address. Can you find out what they are?

Solution next week

WHY should a man travelling across a desert always carry a watch?

Because every watch has a spring in it.

### Is Your Name Leach?

THIS name is in many cases derived from the word leech, which means a boggy stream, and the original bearers of the name must have lived near a bog, and been known as the people by the boggy stream, or leech.

Another origin of the name is probably leech, the creature used so much in the old days by doctors for bleeding their patients. A doctor would be known as a leech, and the name would at last become a surname.

### The Puzzle of the Money

A MAN was asked by another how much money he had in his pocket.

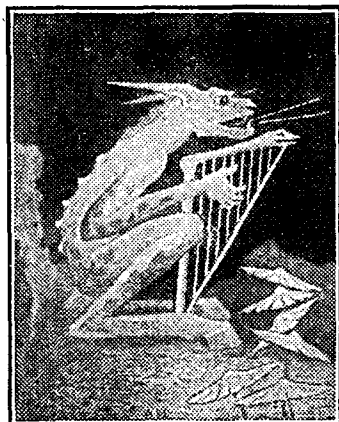
"Well," said he, "if I had half as much again, two-thirds as much again, three-fourths as much again, four-fifths as much again, five-sixths as much again, and nine pounds, I should have exactly £100."

How much had he?

Solution next week

How many sides has a round plum pudding?

Two sides: the outside and the inside.



The Harpist from the Zoo That Never Was

### What Am I?

BENEATH the summer sun I lift my head on high, Budding forth in blossoms of every varied dye; Beside the peasant's cot in all my pride I bloom, And, in waving clusters, surround his humble tomb. The first part of my name is a tree in winter seen, Decking hall and cottage with its leaves so fresh and green; My second part denotes a well-known foreign wine. What my whole is, reader, can you not divine?

Answer next week

WHICH is the heavier, the new moon or the full moon? The new moon, because the full moon is much lighter.

### The Farmer and His Poultry

A VISITOR at a poultry farm became very inquisitive and annoyed the farmer by asking so many questions.

"Do you make much out of the chickens?" he inquired.

"Yes," replied the farmer, "I make a good deal; but then I work with great care. When I began I fed the birds on nothing but meal, then I mixed a little sawdust with the food, and gradually increased the dose till at last the chickens were fed entirely on sawdust."

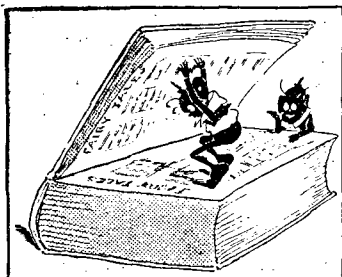
"But did they thrive?" asked the visitor.

"Thrive! I should think they did."

"Did they lay?"

"Yes; and when I set a hen on thirteen of the eggs every one hatched out. Twelve had timber toes and the thirteenth was a wood-pecker!"

### Weighty Words



Two Brownies spied a Fairy Book upon the playroom floor.

"The very thing for us!" they cried. "We'll turn its pages o'er."

But as these elves were tiny folk, this proved a rash proceeding; Those fairy tales for them, they found, were far too heavy reading!

WHY are the nose and chin always at variance?

Because words are constantly passing between them.

### A Bright Idea

WHEN pussy turns her back to me They say it's going to rain; But though I turn her round about, She turns her back again.

I want it to be fine today, And so I think I'll creep And sit the other side of her While she is fast asleep.

WHAT are the most useful letters for a man of business? N R G (energy).

### ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

Beheaded Word

Space, pace, ace, ce, e

Do You Know Me? Money

The Repaid Loan

The first payment was £20

Who Was He?

The Mad Ruler was Nero

## Jacko Turns Bandit

It was after a dose of going to the cinema and seeing a great many silly films that Jacko decided to be a bandit.

Of course, even Jacko knew that stealing was wrong, but he found out a way to excuse it.

"I will be like Robin Hood," he said to himself, "who stole from the rich to give to the poor. I'll put all I get into the hospital box—almost all."

His mother was puzzled when Jacko asked her for a scrap of black velvet and a pair of scissors, but she was too busy to find out what he did with them.

Jacko started his daring career one dark night. He hid behind a hedge on a high bank by the cross-roads. He heard people pass once or twice, but somehow he could not bring himself to jump down and demand their money or their life. They might be tramps or burglars themselves!

He got very cold and tired crouching there, and at last he went home disgusted with himself. "Tomorrow," he vowed, "I will not come home empty-handed."

So he took up his old position again the next night, and tied on his mask in the shadow of the hedge. Then, water-pistol in hand, he waited.

Presently there were footsteps. Two men approached. Just under Jacko's hiding-place they stopped, and stood talking in low tones.

"Perhaps they are plotting a robbery!" thought Jacko.

And all at once, instead of being a bandit, he meant to be a detective instead.

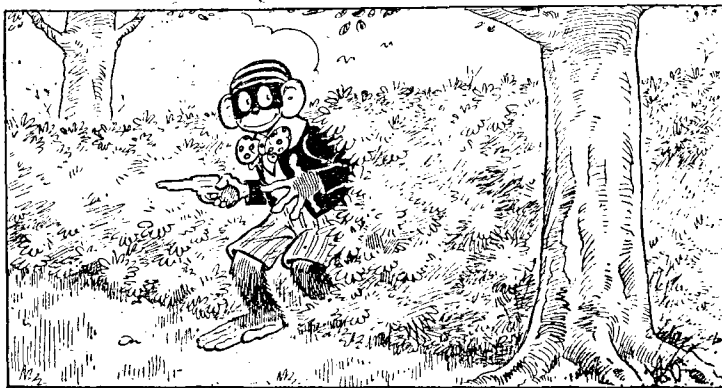
He craned over to catch what they were saying.

As luck would have it, the bank was slippery. Suddenly Jacko's feet shot out, and before he could stop himself he slid, with a cry, to the conspirators' feet.

There was a flash of light from a bull's-eye lantern, and Jacko saw the police-sergeant.

What the police-sergeant saw was a black mask and a pistol.

Jacko was up and away like the wind. It was a magnificent race. Unfortunately, very few people saw it.



Jacko hid behind a hedge on a high bank, and waited

Suddenly the door was burst open, and Jacko hurled himself upon his astonished family.

"Save me! Save me!" he cried.

He had just vanished into the broom cupboard when the sergeant arrived.

"Well, Mr. Jacko," he said, "your son seems to be playing highwayman. Shall the magistrate see to his birching or can I leave it to you?"

"You can leave it to me," said Mr. Jacko, "quite safely."

That night Jacko learned, somewhat painfully, that in England it does not pay to be a bandit.

The paragraph on the right is a French translation of the paragraph on the left

### Dog that Hunts Eggs

An Oxfordshire reader has a dog that has developed an unusual vein of cleverness.

Our Bobs is a sheep-dog. We have a good many fowls, and they often stray away and lay their eggs in the bushes, where the nests are difficult to find.

One day we were looking for nests when Bobs evidently understood what we were doing, for he came toward us with an egg in his mouth and laid it at our feet unbroken.

Then he disappeared, and a minute afterwards brought another egg.

On following him we found a big nest full of eggs, so hidden away that they had escaped our notice.

### Un Chien qui Recherche les Oeufs

Un lecteur d'Oxfordshire a un chien qui fait montre d'une habileté peu commune.

Notre Bobs est un chien de berger. Nous avons un assez grand nombre de volailles, et elles s'égarent souvent et vont pondre leurs oeufs dans les buissons, où il est difficile de trouver leurs nids.

Un jour, nous cherchions des nids lorsque Bobs comprit évidemment ce que nous faisions, car il accourut vers nous portant un oeuf dans sa gueule, et le déposa intact à nos pieds.

Puis il disparut, et, une minute plus tard il apporta un autre oeuf.

Nous le suivîmes, et nous découvrîmes un grand nid plein d'oeufs, si bien caché qu'il avait échappé à notre observation.

### Tales Before Bedtime

## Mushrooms

"WHAT a gloomy family you are!" cried Auntie Belle at the breakfast-table, and really everyone did look a little glum.

Daddy was annoyed because he had not tasted fresh mushrooms once that year, and Mother was upset because Daddy was annoyed.

Billy was glum because he had lost the two-shilling piece belonging to Molly and himself, and now they couldn't get the china jam-dish for Mother's birthday. It was such a nice jam-dish, too, with red cherries painted on it, and cost only one and elevenpence half-penny.

Molly could have cried about it, and she couldn't help being cross with Billy.

Directly after breakfast Billy said, "I've got an idea!"

"Well, don't lose it," said Molly, rather snappily.

"Don't be silly. It's in my head, not in my pocket like the two shillings. This is it. Let's get up very early and hunt for mushrooms for Dad."

"We don't know where to find them."

"We'll hunt, then bring them round to the back door and sell them to Mums and earn money for the jam-dish."

It was such a good idea that Molly was quite willing to leave her comfortable little bed before five in the morning.

Nobody was awake when they left the house except Trot, the dog, and he went with them and carried the basket.

They walked miles, and it was rather cold, and the fields were very wet, and they could not find a single mushroom.

Then they came to a tiny green field, and there the mushrooms were lying like little white velvet hats on the grass.

The basket was quite full when they reached home again, and Billy began to call "Mushrooms! Fresh mushrooms, O!"

"Stop, little boy! How much?" asked Mother, running out.

"One and elevenpence half-penny, madam," said Billy.



"Fresh mushrooms, O!"

"Well, we won't quarrel about the halfpenny change," said Mother, smiling, and she gave them a two-shilling piece.

So the lovely jam-dish was bought after all.



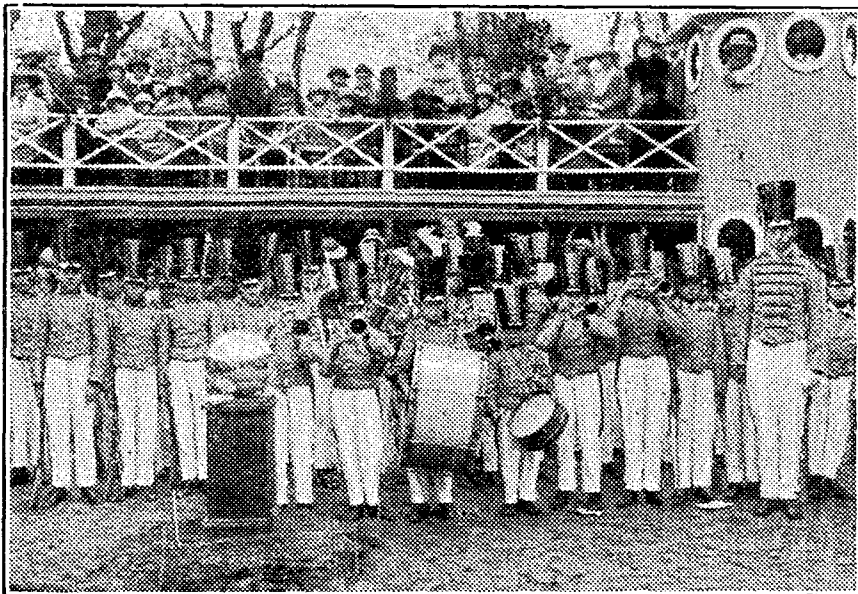
The Children's Newspaper grew out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world.

# CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

July 21, 1923 Every Thursday, 2d.

The C.N. is posted anywhere inland and abroad for 11s. a year. My Magazine, published on the 15th of each month, is posted anywhere, excepting Canada, for 14s.; Canada, 13s. 6d. See below.

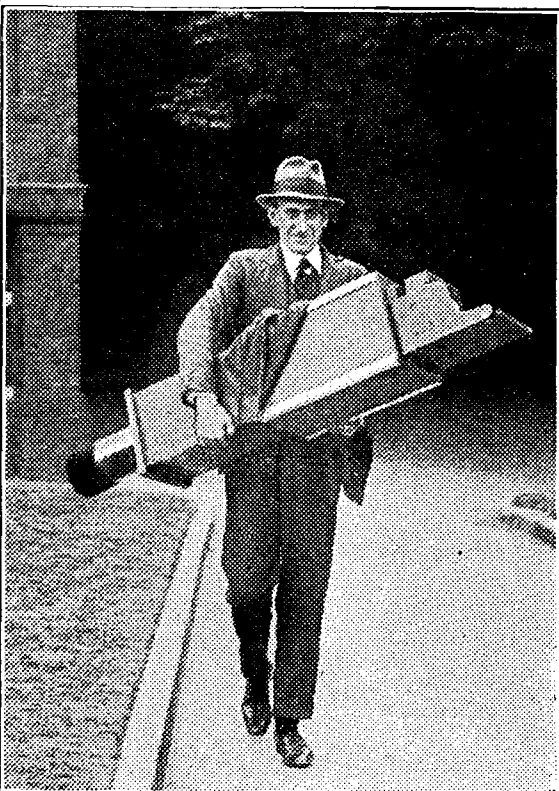
## PIER-HEAD PLAYGROUND · BRITISH MOTOR TRIUMPH · WIRELESS IN SCHOOL



In the Children's Paradise at Gothenburg—This picturesque band, in which all the players are Swedish boys, plays regularly in a section of the Gothenburg Tercentenary Exhibition called the Children's Paradise. In this section are all kinds of things to interest boys and girls



Pier-Head as a Playground—The children at the Port of London Day Nursery at Wapping use the pier-head as a playground, and this picture shows them dancing round the capstan with their nurses while old Father Thames passes on to the sea. The playground is a very healthy one



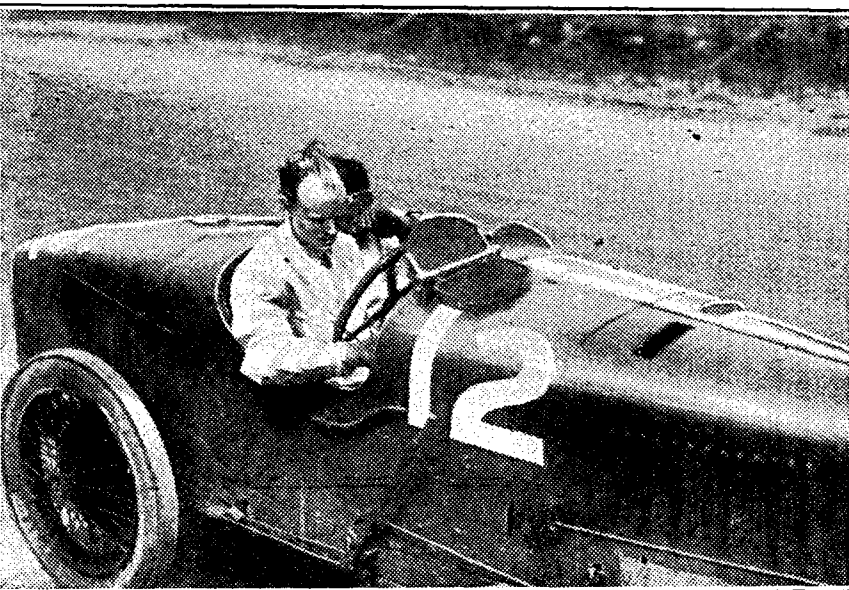
The Camera Man at Lord's—This enormous camera, which is playfully alluded to as Long Jimmy, was prepared to photograph cricket matches, and was used at Lord's to take the match between the M.C.C. and Cambridge University



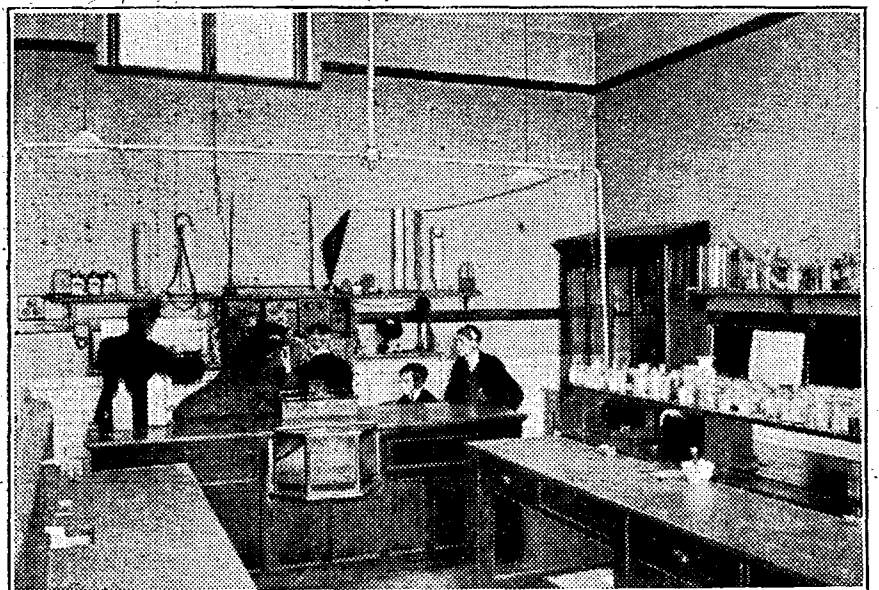
Schoolboy Scene Painter—The boys of the Robert Montefiore Elementary School in London are giving a performance of Mozart's opera The Magic Flute, and have painted their own scenery. Here is one of the young artists at work



A Knight in Armour Calls at Downing Street—Four unusual visitors were seen in Downing Street, London, the other day, when knights in armour from the Harrow School Pageant who had ridden to Westminster called to greet Mr. Baldwin



English Winner of the Grand Prix—For the first time a British motor-car has won the French Grand Prix motor race, the successful car being the Sunbeam shown here with its driver, Major Segrave. Various other cars of the same make also did splendidly in the race



Wireless in School—This four-valve wireless set has been installed in a Blackburn school for instructional purposes, the pupils listening-in to lessons in science, geography, German, and French. No doubt foreign pronunciation will one day be taught by wireless

ALL THE WORLD LOVES THE C.N. MONTHLY. ASK FOR MY MAGAZINE. EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

The Children's Newspaper is printed and published every Thursday by the proprietors, the Amalgamated Press (1922), Ltd., The Fleetway House, Farringdon St., London, E.C.4. It is registered as a newspaper and for transmission by Canadian post. It can be ordered (with My Magazine) from these agents: Canada, Imperial News Co. (Canada), Ltd.; Australasia, Gordon and Gotch; South Africa, Central News Agency; India, A. H. Wheeler and Co. N/R